THE COMMONWEAL

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THE REVOLT IN MEXICO

ONE cannot determine, at the present moment, how much is fact and how much fiction in the news regarding the Mexican uprising. From several points of view the movement seems to be little more than an effort on the part of disaffected generals to break the power of Calles. They have been at odds with that power ever since the conference which followed the murder of Obregon, and at which Portes Gil was forced upon them—with, in all likelihood, the connivance of Ambassador Morrow. To what extent the revolution can be termed a genuinely liberalizing effort it is, therefore, impossible to say. Neither can one gather from the news reports any satisfactory information regarding the progress of affairs. The New York Times obligingly provides us with a daily wireless bed-time story from Calles, the purpose of which is manifestly to assail the rebels with profanity. It is merely obvious that a revolt which could strike at such varied places as Vera Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Potosi and Mazatian at practically the same time is no trifling matter. The two places last named are close to the state of Jalisco, in which an active Catholic revolt has succeeded in holding the government at bay during a full year.

It is therefore apparent that the efficacy of the United States attitude toward Mexican affairs is undergoing a serious test. Since the days of Wilson, this attitude has been characterized by no effort to influence culture or social action south of the Rio Grande. It has been governed rather by an endeavor to confine diplomatic attention to the defense of our nationals and their interests. Believing that financial coöperation with the United States is absolutely indispensable to a Mexican government, Ambassador Morrow has sought to hold out this coöperation with one hand and to safeguard it with the other. Nothing is more necessary to such a policy than political stability—the maintenance in power of a ruler able to enforce peace. The now traditional custom of arming the powers in control and of preventing their foes from getting munitions has, as a consequence, been maintained. And we grant that, so long as the rightness of this program is conceded, no flaws in the procedure are apparent.

But can we concede its rightness? It has seemed to us here that protection by "the land of liberty" of a tyrannical government, in order that material interests may be safeguarded, is a serious defection

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from principle. And that the worst form of barbaric caesarism has flourished in Mexico for two years is evident from the records of an exceedingly bitter persecution of religion. Nobody any longer denies the existence of such a persecution. It simply isn't being discussed, either by a press which professes to be astonished when reports of "peace and prosperity" are routed by news of an uprising in more than ten Mexican states, or by a public opinion which has apparently forgotten that the first definition of autocracy it would advance is "a power which represses liberty of conscience." Mexican sufferers for religious freedom have actually been forced to recognize in the United States their foremost enemy.

And what is the social and financial story? During the last ten years of the Diaz régime, the federal revenue amounted to $482,000,000, of which nearly one-tenth was retained in the treasury as a surplus after the best program of public improvements Mexico has ever seen had been carried through. But in the nine years following the establishment of the "Revolutionary party" in 1919, a total revenue of $1,426,000,000 has not sufficed to prevent the national debt from multiplying by five. Meanwhile Mexico has been impoverished to the extent of at least ten billion dollars, not to speak of an enormous loss of life or of a steady collapse of popular energy. Hundreds of thousands have perished of famine; about four million have emigrated. Not one single problem has been solved; such schools as there are have been turned into propaganda agencies for Communism; charitable institutions have been abandoned or put out of commission; scientific laboratories have been destroyed; churches have been looted; the agrarian situation is in a hopeless muddle. Small wonder that when Portes Gil came to the front, he expressed the desire (as reported by the self-same New York Times which on March 8 published a truly amazing editorial in his praise) "to arrange a three-year trip of study in Russia."

That is the balance-sheet of the Mexican régime which the United States has bolstered up in the hope of safeguarding its own interests—without figuring in the martyrdom of Mexican Catholics, or the degradation of Mexican morals. We base no argument upon it. We do not profess to know if anything better could have been done by the agencies of our diplomatic action. But it does seem that these facts invite scrutiny and, perhaps, an examination of conscience. At any rate they appear to be as worthy of consideration as the radio twaddle of Calles or the love affairs of an ambassador's daughter.

Why not give them some thought while despatches regarding the military situation enliven the morning paper? Regrettably enough our information regarding Mexico's complex problem is even yet far from adequate. There exists, from the Catholic point of view, no book either complete or satisfactory in quality. Very little authentic first-hand observation has been put into writing, and no study of the Mexican immigrant problem has been made. Doubtless these deficiencies are to be accounted for by dearth of money and personnel. It is nevertheless true that various journals have done what they could, and that a glance at magazine files of the past year will prove helpful. The situation calls for an enlightened public opinion, able to surmount prejudices in working for the solution of a major social problem which, chronicled in blood and disorder, is partly the creation of our own indifference. In some manner or other, the telescope must give way to the naked eye in our survey of Mexican circumstances, if only for the reason that the honor and the well-being of the United States are to some extent at stake.

WEEK BY WEEK

UNDER none too auspicious circumstances, President Hoover created a favorable impression in his first press conference. With the pessimism which is a sign of health in newspapermen, it had been predicted that he might further restrict opportunities for direct contact between the White House and the press; and in dispelling this fear, he seized upon the very thing most likely to create an immediate rapport between them. He declared himself "anxious to clear up some of the twilight zones between quotable material and much that would be given for background purposes only," and he requested that a committee from the press bureaus in the capital be appointed to discuss the problem with him. Here is certainly a reference to a situation accountable for a great deal of misunderstanding during recent administrations, and the proposal to eliminate it, at least to modify it, strikes us as sincere. If the spirit behind that offer is continued, President Hoover will find that half his problem of connecting with the public will be solved. The rest is up to him, and he is ready for the task, or else all the thought which he has given toward his cherished notion of teaching the democracy to take a willing hand in a can't-miss scheme of national prosperity has been wasted. At any rate, a friendly press, and above all a friendly group of correspondents in Washington, is what the President needs just now, even more than the services of two private secretaries.

President and Public

MR. LAMONT, member of the Cabinet, has announced his intention to "play the administration's game" and, therefore, to retire from the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. It is a rather curious conversion, throwing some light upon the sources of conformism. Meanwhile the Association has not slowed its pace. The most recent publication bearing its stamp of approval is an interesting paper by Mr. Pierre S. Du Pont, reprinted in pamphlet form. One argument it makes seems to us

Volsteadism Derailed

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particularly worthy of attention: "Drunkenness is a disease of humanity which must be fought and conquered. If we are to succeed, it will be by concerted movement, not by divided forces." That this remark is profoundly true is evident from all extant prohibition literature, which insists upon the importance of "public coöperation." But what Volsteadism has actually done is to render that coöperation impossible. It has angered and estranged thousands, has encouraged throngs of others to consider liquor guzzling a lark, and has identified temperance with fanaticism to such an extent that it will take generations to dissociate the two. Meanwhile drunkenness, the monster we are after, walks unscathed. We are glibly talking about percents, about five years for a flask on the hip, about the "deadly menace of home brew."

Accusations from Constantinople

GUARDED in Turkey, Leon Trotzky has written a series of articles, given publication in this country by the New York Times, which develop his idea of the duel for political power which he lost to Stalin. In Moscow this contribution to a capitalistic press has been branded as signing the political death-warrant of Trotzky. But though fulminations from the Kremlin may have a certain value in the Soviet republic, no informed observer will doubt that Trotzky's political death-warrant was sealed when he was exiled to the marshes of Siberia. Stalin has been too completely the victor to allow his rival to return. But the Trotzkian idea still remains to be reckoned with, and the more conservative Stalin now must fight the ultra-radical principle, which is the more dangerous because it has no tangible form. He has chosen as his first weapon the expedient of showing himself to be somewhat more radical than Trotzky —an attitude which he may abandon, of course, at any time that it becomes politic to do so. The leaders whom Russia has known since the revolution have tended, with fair consistency, to adopt any methods soever (including, incidentally, methods which are as autocratic and tyrannical as those associated with the czarist government) that will insure the perpetuation of their power.

TO THE strictly temporary and opportunist radicalism of Stalin, therefore, Trotzky, the sincere doctrinaire, is harmless only as the inarticulate prisoner in Constantinople. As the crystallizer and publicist of his own political principles he is dangerous. Trotzky himself points this fact in his statement that Moscow may be expected at any time to announce that he has "been shot while attempting to escape," or murdered in some such red-herring fashion. Trotzky's own interpretation of the battle between himself and Stalin is, very naturally, that one was selfless and the other selfish: Trotzky fought for principles while Stalin fought for dominance, and the outcome has been exactly that prevalence of might over right which afflicted Russia under the aristocrats. If all principles are conceived of as right, Trotzky's contention is true. But all principles are not right. The Trotzkian idea of government, alone or in amalgamation with the Lenin idea, has proved impossible of practical operation. Might has nothing, theoretically, to do with the translation of Soviet principles into terms of government, but human nature has associated them in actuality, all the same. It is indeed on the rock of human nature that the ship of Sovietism has crashed.

Tragedies in Patronage

THE magic word "patronage" has seemingly failed those Republican workers who lured on southern voters with the promises of jobs under a new administration. It would be entirely too elliptical to assert that the defections below Mason and Dixon's Line were due to ideas of reward, but unquestionably Republican hopes for a reorganization of party lines in the southern states aimed at the building of a strong party machine which could place them in the Republican column in future elections. But the reality is far different from the glowing picture. Colonel Horace Mann has resigned, or abandoned, or been ousted from, an unofficial position as the supreme arbiter of southern patronage. Meanwhile southern leaders, considerably disappointed because their section was given no Cabinet recognition, are laying somewhat hopeless siege to the White House, and recriminations are being hurled, with "Lily-white!" as the most persistent battle cry. The problem presents a nice dilemma. If the southern Republicans are made "lily-white," the administration will be delivering the large northern Negro vote to the Democrats; if they are not, the disaffected Democrats will revert to the Democratic party once more. We strongly suspect that Mr. Hoover will meet the dilemma by continued inaction.

Fox-terriers as Dowries

A SALZBURG paper recently carried the following remarkable advertisement: "Is there a lover of animals who would like to consider marrying a girl who owns a beautiful, valuable dog? Please answer by letter." We do not know if the young lady is now victoriously enthroned in a bungalow, with Fido by her side. But curious though her reasoning may seem, it is really not different in essence from that based upon pleas, more or less overt, which frequently serve as approaches to matrimony. If a man is enraptured by fox terriers and weds a girl who owns one, he is slightly more quixotic but not fundamentally meaner than the Beau Brummel who covets cash and marries the lass who has it tucked away. As a matter of fact it is possibly nobler to believe that a dog is a good sales point than to rely exclusively upon stocks and bonds. Authorities have remarked so often that matrimony ought to be a union of personalities that the observation seems a little

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humdrum. But plutocratic divorces have been giving the matter such a modern flavor that—who knows? —it may look more up-to-date one of these days than even Ben Lindsey's blather. One rubs one's eyes constantly at the extraordinary novelty of an old truth. Possibly we shall even be agreeably soothed some day by the report that marriage is a sacrament.

Our Oldest Grandfathers

FROM the morning paper to 3500 B. C. and more is a considerable distance, so that discussion of a civilization then prevailing cannot be termed precisely modern. Indeed we are assured that the Sumerians (who were the first families of that long-distant era) constituted, as far as investigation has been able to make out, the earliest cultivated human society. The excavations in the Mesopotamian valley upon which our knowledge of them is based have been conducted by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania, under the direction of Mr. C. Leonard Wooley. In a book published recently by the Oxford University Press, Mr. Wooley summarizes the findings, arriving at some conclusions of the highest interest. Evidence seems to prove that the earliest Sumerian graves found at Ur are older than the first dynasty of Egypt; and there is even more testimony to establish the belief that the civilization of the Pharaohs was the result of an impetus received from Ur. The information now available regarding that city is not merely surprisingly novel but also comparatively extensive and very instructive. "The arch in building," says Mr. Wooley, "was unknown in Europe until the conquests of Alexander, when Greek architects fastened eagerly upon this, to them novel feature . . . but in private houses of the Sumerian citizens of Ur in 2000 B. C. the doorways were arched with bricks set in true voussoir fashion; an arched drain at Nippur must date to about 3000 B. C.; and true arches roofing the royal tombs at Ur now carry back the knowledge of the principle another four or five hundred years." Manifestly there is nothing new under the sun!

IN SEVERAL respects the Sumerian discoveries touch directly upon Scripture history. Early documents, we are informed, give unquestionable accounts of the Flood, and list dynasties of kings who antedated the disaster. "However much tradition may have magnified and colored the account, it would be absurd to deny the ultimately historical character of a story which bears on itself the stamp of truth; the details harmonize so perfectly with the local conditions of the southern delta that only here could the tale have originated. Floods arising from various causes are common in lower Mesopotamia, and it only requires just such a combination of these causes acting simultaneously as is actually described in the legend for an inundation to take almost the proportions attributed to the deluge of Noah's day." Mr. Wooley does not believe that "the total destruction of the human race" was involved, but holds that "enough damage could be done to make a landmark in history and define an epoch." This is only one instance of how this singularly absorbing recovery of a buried culture touches upon ancient traditions. The religion, law and art of the Sumerians add another great treasure to mankind's record of its experience.

No Vineyards in Ohio

THE Dayton News attracted a good deal of attention lately with an estimate that beer is being made in 80 percent of the homes of Ohio. If someone could be found willing to finance a confidential survey in order to satisfy his curiosity (and ours) we are inclined to believe that the estimate would be discredited. For Ohio was among the first states to adopt a dry law of its own. It is the home of some of our most eminent prohibitionists. It has repudiated wet referendums and wet candidates. With Indiana, it forms the chief support of dry sentiment in the Middle-West. By all the records it is a dry state: one of the dryest in the union. Besides, if the citizens of Ohio are going in for the home manufacture of stimulating drinks, it is not in keeping with their traditions to suppose that they would take so overwhelmingly to beer. Despite the fame of the breweries of Cincinnati, Ohio was primarily a wine state. Its sparkling Catawba was perhaps the most famous wine produced on this continent, and its citizens were never better orators than when denouncing the pretensions of California. And in this they were frequently supported by the testimony of European experts. When prohibition went into effect, one of the most celebrated of English connoisseurs wept in public because it would mean the destruction of the Ohio vineyards. He said nothing about the vines of San Bernardino and Monterey. It is not credible that Ohio should now let him down so completely as to engage in the furtive, and lowly, synthesis of beer.

The Press in Review

WHAT an astonishing amount of information relative to the printed word was gathered for the 1928 Press Exposition held at Cologne, Germany, is apparent from the mammoth official catalogue. The underlying idea was not to present a bewildering array of presses and journals but to reveal the development of journalistic effort and the sources from which it derives. Thus the Social Democratic journals combined to create a display opening with a movie film and ending with a typical workers' reading room; the Catholic press offered a historical summary of the relations between literature and faith since Our Lord's coming, and made an especial point of a collection of biblia pauperum; and, incidentally, the Christian Science Publishing Company staged an exhibit of its own. The historian of culture, or amateurs interested in getting an impression of the cumu-

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lative impact of journalism, must have enjoyed the rare opportunity. Nor is the catalogue itself devoid of appeal. In it one finds both compact summaries of what is being accomplished in various journalistic departures and valuable résumés of press history in many countries. Students of the craft who can read German might well spend an evening in meditation over the book and the complex subject it presents.

APPROPRIATELY to the times, Mrs. Mary McConnell Borah, wife of the senior Senator from Idaho, has published in the New York World a series of articles on the social life of Washington. The formality of official usage is no new story, but there are many to whom the information that the game of etiquette is religiously played by everyone, down to and including the wives of minor office-holders, will come as somewhat of a revelation. We incline a perhaps too credulous ear to stories relating how diplomatic representatives from foreign countries have left dinners in indignation because they were not seated according to their ideas of precedence; but at first blush it is hardly believable that wives of American officials have telephoned hostesses to learn if their places of seating gave them the correct recognition before they would proceed to the projected festivities. Yet Mrs. Borah vouches for the sober truth of this fantastic picture. It is a curious development at the very heart of a government founded on democratic principles and the quality of mankind. The woman who elected to disregard the tiresome conventions of Washington life might find herself barred from the charmed circle—but we wonder if, after four years of official and semi-official functions, she might not wish she had taken just that course.

Temperament in Washington

A MODERN seeker after truth complains that it is a "quarry which always flies." And surely nothing so deeply puzzles us of the present as the weird suddenness with which ideas change. The theories of science, the prescriptions of medicine, the keys to the riddle of man, transform themselves as swiftly and provokingly as a small boy's moods. And so our favorite image of human experience is that of a stream forever rushing forward, a torrent more rapid than the passage of light, in the bed of which not even the stones abide. It is nevertheless a misleading image. Life is a stubborn constant. Our additions to civilization are trifles compared with the vast permanencies of man—the rhythm of his being, the hum of his pulse, the stirring of his nostalgia and his dream. We do not know if the last of our race shall see any of the now shining stars; but for them as for us it will be true that he who loses life shall find it, or that the meek are blessed. If our thought comes back again to these words, perennially correct, it will be in tune with the penitential season, now approaching its close.

A Lenten Meditation

AN "ANTI-ANTI" and a "censor of censors," State Senator Feld has introduced into the legislature at Albany a resolution looking toward the suppression of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. This is the organization long known as the "Comstock Society," and its present head is Mr. John T. Sumner, zealous crusader for the wholesome in literature. Senator Feld's objection to it is based on the very proper principle that the end does not justify the means. "As I have said many times, the way to reform is by educating the public and not by legislation giving autocratic power to one man to do things upon his own initiative." Most men are likely to agree with Senator Feld, but it is equally probable that they will refuse to take Mr. Sumner's society seriously enough to legislate against it. This is the difficulty encountered by all men to whom the methods of reformers are as abominable as the purposes of reform are good: that society at large will fear to make itself ridiculous by condescending to do combat with the absurd. It is certainly true, for instance, that prohibition continues to exist because it is generally regarded as a joke and a farce. If ever the people of this country are made to regard prohibition seriously, by huge enforcement appropriations, for example, its repeal or modification may be quickly expected. The movement which Senator Feld advocates likewise may have to wait for an aroused public conscience. Meanwhile he fights fire with fire.

Censors Under Fire

THE history of the Laetare Medal, which the University of Notre Dame recently voted to ex-Governor Smith, is almost an index to the activities of the Catholic laity in this country during the past half-century. Awarded each Laetare Sunday to some American who has gained "such distinction in the field of his special endeavor as to reflect glory upon the Catholic faith," its roster includes the names of scientists, historians, writers, statesmen and artists—a truly impressive list of men and women who have contributed greatly to our civilization and culture. It is being said that no one quite like Mr. Smith has ever before received the medal, as during the campaign it was said that he was unique among nominees for the Presidency. Of course he represents the first fusion of the many and diverse elements that have been entering the melting pot these twenty years; not obviously, perhaps, but in the way a symbol underlines and emphasizes the sometimes chaotic substance for which it stands. Thus beside Chief Justice White, Maurice Francis Egan and other recipients of the Laetare, his is as a figure from a different world. Apostles of construction, as they are of reflection, Mr. Smith is nevertheless like them in this: his eight years at Albany are a record of loyalty, of devotion, of a warm-hearted humanity, which has not gone, as it often does, with anything like softness or incapacity.

The Laetare Medal

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THE ROOT DENOMINATOR

THE surprise engendered by the Coolidge administration's last international gesture lay not in this country's wish for an exchange of views looking toward America's participation in the World Court but in the fact that the gesture was made at all. For it is indeed curious that Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, almost on the very eve of their departure from Washington, should act in a matter which has been shelved since 1926. Theoretically Mr. Coolidge has always been for the World Court, but when other signatory nations disapproved of the fifth Senate reservation, he very bluntly assumed the attitude that they could take it or leave it. The Kellogg note was the first sign that Mr. Coolidge was less adamant than the member nations.

Just how far President Hoover was responsible for this step is an interesting speculation which, if it were pursued far enough, might throw a great deal of light on the entire subject. Mr. Hoover declared in his inaugural address that "the reservations placed upon our adherence should not be misinterpreted. The United States seeks by these reservations no special privilege or advantage, but only to clarify our relation to advisory opinions and other matters which are subsidiary to the major purposes of the Court. The way should, and I believe will, be found by which we may take our proper place in a movement so fundamental to the progress of peace." This statement would certainly indicate that he was privy to the Coolidge overture, which he would be in a position to follow up once he had assumed office. Yet his statement is exactly typical of that Janus-like approach to international problems which has marked all our procedure. Of course the reservations should not be misinterpreted. But how can that misinterpretation be avoided when the Senate, barking at the moon of foreign entanglements, loudly proclaims that only by that watchfulness which resulted in the reservations has the United States been saved from signing away many of its vital interests and rights; and when all of our officials whose voices are to reach other shores pay sonorous tribute to the Court, and declare that the little playful restrictions we place on our entrance are really not at all what they seem? America is obviously to believe one thing, Europe another.

Few in America really doubt that we will eventually join the World Court. We believe that Mr. Hoover will energize the intervening action and that America will shortly take her judicial place among the other nations after they have agreed to reservations which will be as ambiguous as those marking the final acceptance of the multilateral treaties. The Root formula, which is purported to be the least common denominator of American demands on the one hand and foreign concessions on the other, is specific enough. It clarifies the modus operandi of American consent to the rendering of an advisory opinion on matters which touch this country's interest, but it also provides the loophole by which America can withdraw "without any imputation of unfriendliness to coöperate generally for peace and good-will." Statesmen gathered at Geneva for the Council meeting of the League of Nations voice agreement that the Root proposal forms a good workable basis for future parleys, but their desire to negotiate is certainly foster-father to their optimism. Since the very beginning of the world war, the position of the United States has been a matter of anxious concern to all other nations. They have been anxious to placate us, to be indulgent to our suspicions and timidities, so long as we would interest ourselves in international matters. Whether America has accepted leadership or disclaimed it, whenever she has chosen to lead in such policies, she has always commanded a following among nations; and if she has not accomplished all that could have been accomplished, she has not failed materially. Hence it is natural that Europe should want us as a member of the World Court. And her well-accented attitude should not be productive of a disagreeable type of arrogance but of hearty and unequivocal coöperation. If Mr. Hoover and the Senate approach the reopened discussion in this spirit, there is every hope that our membership will quickly be confirmed.

MR. HOOVER BEGINS

THE inaugural address, a trifle dull, was firm. In this respect it was so much like the older generation from the younger's point of view that what remains of the crusading temperament in our country may be pardoned for having made a wry face. Mr. Hoover is no dashing knight, no champion of the unhappy. For more reasons than one, he seems the supreme incorporation of that reaction against "idealism" which has dominated the United States since Wilson. To denounce him for being so would be to attack the national state of mind and to adopt the impossible point of view that the people should be represented by what they are not. As a matter of fact, the Hoover attitude is in several respects highly commendable. Few things are more absurd in statesmanship than attempts to arrive at millennia before one has covered the distance between where one happens to be and the delectable hunting-ground. Mr. Wilson, we believe, was frequently guilty of just such attempts. He had, for instance, ushered in a "noble peace" without stopping to consider sundry annoying agreements and manifestoes which barred the road.

Underneath the surface—which consists of familiar remarks to the effect that this is a prosperous country, "bright with hope," in which government ownership is taboo and in which the "youth are pressing more and more into our institutions of learning"—the new President's address was something like a critical estimate of the national foundations. We have been, and to some extent still are, a people remarkable for

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obedience to the law. In no other land known to history could the letter of a written constitution have been maintained so long, or such challenging "moral experiments" have been tried. And yet it has grown painfully evident that, while respect for legislation is decreasing, the methods for enforcing it are deteriorating. If this downhill progress continues, it is conceivable that we should ultimately arrive at a point where a mob of recalcitrant individuals find themselves face to face with utterly incompetent courts. Very likely we shall never get that far, but the tendency manifestly exists. It is a social corrosive; and like a good engineer Mr. Hoover has detected it. But what is his remedy?

Well, it can fairly well bear comparison with a hypothetical superintendent of a city water supply who, when the reservoirs are low, overhauls the machinery and instals new pumps. Mr. Hoover's most important recommendation is: "reform, reorganization and strengthening of our whole judicial and enforcement system both in its civil and criminal sides," in order to secure "rigid and expeditious justice which is the safeguard of freedom, the basis of all ordered liberty, the vital force of progress." That the reforms urged by judges and bar associations for years should be carried through is, of course, highly desirable. But the judiciary that can function independently of all else has not yet been invented. How shall either citizen or judge cope with multitudes of statutes which, at least in some measure, help to make the business of living impossibly complex? And how can laws be enforced which of themselves breed disrespect? The necessity for supervising legislation is therefore as apparent as would be the demand for more water if the city's supply gave out. It is especially clear, we believe, in the case of the Eighteenth Amendment. This is certainly not a source of "ordered liberty" or a fountain of "progress," but quite palpably a spring of civic disaffection and of aberrant public opinion.

But if the American conception of law rests upon unsteady foundations, American prosperity is even more precariously supported. Mr. Hoover's analysis of the prevailing economic theory is sound enough. We have, indeed, distinguished between the "effective competition" which is believed indispensable to productive or distributive industry and the "regulation" which is deemed necessary to the operation of public utilities. But in the second case action is rarely federal in character. Therefore national government has little to do with "business" in any form. Does Mr. Hoover really accept this conclusion? Not at all. The heart of his speech is concerned with foreign relations precisely because so very much depends upon them. Federal power can keep its hands off the domestic industrial scene only because the citizenry is eminently content with the revenue it derives from its throbbing factories. And if something happens to the factories? The fortunes of this "if" depend upon what is done in the world's markets, or upon the international political stage.

The insecurity of this whole situation, this whole side of our "prosperity," is indicated first of all by the precarious nature of diplomatic agreements. No shrewd Frenchman (notice, for instance, Thibaudet in the current Nouvelle Revue Française) fails to realize that relations between his country and Italy are precarious. And there is hardly a European who does not speculate, at least occasionally, upon possible social conflicts, vastly more distressing than the Russian catastrophe, which are now separated from actuality by only a thin wall. These are but two details of an immense tangle the beginning of the unraveling of which is obviously a more satisfactory disposition of economic problems from the old-world point of view. And who can fail to surmise that, in seeking this solution, direct competition with the United States will prove inevitable? Here something more than passive international action is demanded of us—something which will reckon not merely with our prosperity but with the inescapable laws by which alone coöperation can grow out of competition.

A good illustration is at hand in Mexico. For nearly a year the government has staked all on the hope that a fortification of the Calles régime would, at least, mean the end of rebellions against authority and the beginning of democratic political action. In a stable Mexico, our investments would be secure and our financial opportunities better. But it was almost self-evident that Calles could not be bolstered up—that a form of rule virtually imposed from without (through an embargo on arms and financial support) could not wrestle triumphantly with an opposition which derived strength from its consciousness of wholesale injustice. Washington must now realize that further insistence upon the Calles idea will be equivalent to intervention, which in turn might have a disastrous effect upon the whole of Latin America.

Mr. Hoover, setting himself to the task of upholding our common law on the one hand and our common prosperity on the other, has therefore faced the difficulties attendant upon both. If his analysis is realistic and somewhat prosaic, it must be conceded that the hour calls for sober and practical action. We do not know to what extent he can succeed, but that he will try earnestly is certain. To us it seems expedient, however, to consider the possibility that America's status quo cannot be conserved without reference to world problems—that the economic momentum we have gathered during twelve years may collide with other forces, and that some manner of long-range planning for coöperation is needed. All this involves vision, not only on the part of an individual but among the sovereign people as a whole; and one may well feel that the leadership called for by the President in his first official address must be as much an affair of idealism, of general philosophic courage, as of practical business conduct.

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SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND RELIGION

By K. F. HERZFELD

Science is often denominated the enemy of religion. Correctly considered, however, it may well be termed a powerful, not yet adequately utilized ally of religion. The significance of research, especially in the domain of nature study, is discussed in the following paper by a man who is himself engrossed in it. We think Dr. Herzfeld's paper is not merely novel in its implications, but that it is destined to stir up considerable valuable discussion. The frequent allusions to Johns Hopkins University are explained by the circumstance that the author is connected with that institution.—The Editors.

WE OFTEN hear the complaint that the present age is unchristian, and especially un-Catholic, in its spirit, and this is undoubtedly true. What are the reasons?

If we seek to trace the sources of what is called, in a serious sense, the spirit of the age, we find the preoccupation with scientific data and conclusions as among the most important, and the printed word, in books, periodicals and newspapers, as the most striking means of its dissemination. However, only a small number of the printed articles which utilize in some degree or other the conclusions of original research are written by men who do original research; therefore our quest for sources must take us further back.

The majority of the writers who influence the public are in their most impressionable period affected by university training, or at least affected by others who have gone through a university. It seems, therefore, that to a great extent what is called the spirit of the age is formed by the spirit of university teachers and of research workers—especially the latter, as the opinions of teachers not themselves engaged in research are molded according to the writings of the research workers.

If we wish, accordingly, to influence the spirit of the age in the Catholic direction, the only way is to get at the sources of this spirit. It is admittedly impossible to change all agnostics into good Catholics. The only way to counteract their influence is to have Catholics of the same prominence in the scientific field, who by their teachings compensate, at least partly, the effects coming from the opposing philosophical schools, and at the same time by their mere presence and fame combat the argument often put forward that all scientific men are enemies of religion, and especially of Catholicism.

That there are, unfortunately, too few of such Catholics it is my purpose to show here. Catholics everywhere have a very much smaller share in scientific research than would correspond to their percentage in the population; and the situation is especially bad in the United States. I will restrict myself to physics because I am most familiar with conditions in that field, and because it is very much simpler in the case of physics (in common with mathematics, chemistry, biology and geology) to determine who is a successful research worker than it is, for example, in the case of history or the social sciences.

A mistaken idea of the way in which men are rated in science is very popular, especially among Catholics. Actually, in the scientific estimation of a man, only his original production is counted; not his teaching ability, nor the amount of his knowledge. By "original production" is meant the discovery of a new fact, the more accurate determination or measurement of a known fact, or the formulation of a new theory which will allow the prediction of new facts not yet discovered; and in some cases, a theory connecting quantitatively a number of known facts. As any theory is of interest only in so far as it predicts or correlates facts, and facts are the final judge of a theory, an unsound paper will, in general, be exploded in a few years.

With this in mind let us review the situation in physics in this country. Catholics form one-fifth of the American population; hence, if they were engaged in research proportionately to their population rate, they should have one-fifth of the number of prominent physicists. There are five exceptionally highly rated physicists in this country, three of whom have the Nobel Prize. None of them is a Catholic. There are, in addition, nineteen physicists of high standing. I do not know any of them to be a Catholic, although I cannot positively state that none is.

Another proof of the failure of American Catholics to go into research work is evident if we consider the source from which research workers must come—the graduate school. A concrete example will make this very plain. Of the 700 students in the college of the Johns Hopkins University, approximately one-tenth are Catholics. If the percentage of Catholics continuing on into graduate school after college were the same as that of non-Catholics, one-tenth of the graduate students should be Catholics. In fact there should be more, because the relative number of graduate schools in Catholic universities is exceedingly small, and most men from Catholic colleges who wish to do graduate work have at present to go to a secular school. Actually, among the 140 graduate students in the five scientific departments of the Johns Hopkins University (mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology and geology) there are—not twenty-eight Catholics, as there should be if the Catholics were represented according to their number in the population; not fourteen, as there should be if they were represented in the same fraction as in the college; there are five.

It seems, therefore, that a much higher percentage

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of Catholic than of non-Catholic students stop their studies after college and go into business. Nor, in pointing this out, am I underestimating the importance of business, nor implying the wish to make research men out of all Catholic college students. A country in which all the people were tailors would be a failure, but a country in which there were no tailors at all would be just as bad; and that is our present situation.

When these facts are mentioned among Catholics who ought to be seriously impressed by them, their usual answer is to point out the splendid help which the Popes gave to science in the thirteenth century by founding the most important universities; the fact that in the beginning of the nineteenth century some of the most prominent scientists—Volta, Avogadro and others—were good Catholics, or that Pasteur, one of the most prominent chemists and biologists of his time, was an obedient son of the Church. All of this is undoubtedly true, but does not help us materially in our difficulty, which is that at present there is a great lack of Catholics in scientific research. Besides, an enemy of our faith might use some of the instances given above to suggest that, though Catholic conviction went all very well with the less advanced knowledge of former times, it does manifestly conflict with present-day scientific results.

Before we can define the reasons for the condition we have been describing, and suggest a remedy, two false explanations must be disposed of.

In the first place, Catholics have been known to say that more of their coreligionists do not go into research because they could not hope to get placed satisfactorily even if they did. This is a lame excuse—any excuse is lame which blames our own failure on the iniquity of others and induces us to lie down complacently with a feeling of righteousness, and to do nothing about it; moreover, it is an excuse which does not agree with the facts. It may be so in history, philosophy or sociology (though even here we are bound to note that the head of the department of political economy in a leading eastern university is a Catholic, as is a professor of history in another). But there is certainly no difficulty in the sciences. Good men are rare, and the universities of high standing will take them gladly wherever they can get them, without regard to religion. For instance, one of the most prominent physicists of Germany, a Catholic, while visiting in this country two years ago, had offers from a mid-western state university and two other important eastern universities, at salaries far above the usual. Again, the most prominent of the younger men in a particular field of chemistry is a Catholic; though still comparatively young, he is head of the department of chemistry in one of the most famous and successful eastern universities. There are other notable cases, particularly at the Johns Hopkins University, but elsewhere also. Even in the case of priests, to whom what is being said here would not generally apply, a well-known Jesuit has been a professor at the University of California and left his position to go back to his own school; another priest, to my personal knowledge, was offered a position in zoology in one of the big eastern places.

We have next to do away with the explanation given by the enemies of the Faith of the absence of Catholics from fields of scientific research: the assertion that present-day science is in conflict with the teachings of the Church.

We are, of course, quite sure that the teachings of the Church and true science cannot conflict, as they are two different sides of the same truth, and reflections of the Source of all truth, Which is God. But this reasoning is based on our acceptance of the Catholic religion and will therefore not convince anybody outside of that religion. The simplest proof that there is no conflict between science and Catholic doctrine is the fact that the things with which science should be concerned have nothing at all to do with dogma or morals. (We are restricting ourselves at present to science in the technical sense mentioned above.) To prove this one has only to look up the technical periodicals in which the real results of research are published (not the half-popular articles drawing philosophical conclusions, to read which is more of a pastime). Indeed, if we consider the subjects which form the studies in recent papers on physics, what has the interpretation of the band-spectrum of iodine, or the crystal structure of quartz, or the supra-conductivity of metals, to do with the Catholic religion? If we turn to chemistry, how can the question under what conditions hydrogen peroxide decomposes, or how sulphur influences the color of a dye, have any influence on religion?

But how about evolution? First of all, the layman would be astonished to find how little time the average zoologist gives in his actual work to evolution. If you inquire what the men in the zoology department of my own university are working on, you will find that they study the metabolism of the amoeba, the influence of the electric current on cells, or the behavior of water bugs under the influence of light of a given color and intensity. Again we must ask, what has this to do with the Catholic religion? How could it conflict with it? But even if we consider evolution, what does it matter, so far as religion is concerned, whether the horse had ancestors with three toes or one, or if Archeopteryx, the first bird, is descended from reptiles?

All this foolish talk of conflict between the conclusions of science and the conclusions of religion arises on one side from the fact that some scientists make generalizations which are in reality not based on their scientific results, but on philosophical ideas not directly connected with, and not supported by, those results. A zoölogist would be guilty of such an unwarranted generalization if he were to conclude that because Archeopteryx *is* descended from a reptile, and because the horse *is* descended from an ancestor with three toes, the soul of man *must be* descended from an ape,

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and therefore man must be a machine. Unfortunately, some theologians take such conclusions seriously, and proceed to argue in reverse fashion that because the soul of man *is not* descended from an ape, the ancestors of the horse *cannot have had* three toes. In other words, zoologists can rightly speak only about the evolution of the animal kingdom. If they connect this with the question of the soul, and draw moral and social consequences from the connection, it ceases to be zoology. On the other hand, the theologian can talk only about man. He is not at all concerned with the question of a possible evolution in the animal kingdom. If he tries to combat the wrong conclusions of the zoologist by denying the scientific results with which the zoologist incorrectly connected them, he unwittingly increases the wrong and unfortunate impression of a conflict between science and religion.

To get at the real reason for the absence of Catholics from scientific research, let us inquire, for a moment, into the qualifications of the research man.

First of all, there is a certain rather high level of natural ability which will be present in relatively few men, because it must probably be a specific ability, not merely general alertness of mind. There is no reason to assume that Catholics are less intelligent than other people, so one must suppose that the percentage of men gifted for research is the same among Catholics as among non-Catholics.

Secondly, the research worker needs a certain definite idealism, because he will have to work very hard and get for his work a salary which, while reasonable, will usually be very much less than he would be able to earn in business or the professions. He will in general be lucky if he finally receives six or seven thousand a year. It would surely be an insult to assume that there is less idealism among Catholics than among others, and so this point, too, is ruled out as reason for the difference.

What else is necessary for a research man? I believe that the third point is the real difficulty. There is no conflict between the *results* of science and the *doctrines* of the Church, but there is in my opinion a psychological conflict due to the training method. The third quality which a research worker needs absolutely is a passionate curiosity about things. It must be passionate, his problems must be always in his mind, when he eats, when he walks, almost when he sleeps. It must be a curiosity of his own: a man who does research work because he is told to, or because he wants a degree or a salary, and not because he wants to find out what happens and why, may get his degree but will never be a successful scientist. The man who wants to succeed in research will never sit back completely satisfied with an answer. He will always find a new side to each problem he has apparently solved. He will always have to be prepared to change his most fundamental assumptions, the starting-point of his whole reasoning, if there is a disagreement with experiment. Finally, he must always be prepared to contradict the conclusions of another man, no matter how high the standing of that man may be, if he believes them unsatisfactory.

What should be done, therefore, to get young Catholics into research? I believe that it is usually too late to start the training for the decisive habit in college. From fourteen to sixteen should be the right age. The responsibility lies with parents and high school teachers who should, in the case of especially gifted children who have received a careful religious training, start to stimulate their inquisitiveness at home by giving them the right kind of books. In Europe a boy at this age reads a great many tales of exploration (Sven Hedin, Amundsen, and so on). The novels written for him are interspersed with historical or ethnological facts, and there appear yearly a great number of books written for this age which contain popular scientific and technical articles often mixed with fiction. This reading will start in the child a scientific interest and a habit of asking for explanations—not to speak of the fact that it may keep him from reading more objectionable matter. But it will have to be carefully directed. In high school it is incumbent on the teacher of science and mathematics not to cram his subject down the throats of students, but to show them how these results can be arrived at by the scientific method. To be able to do so he himself must necessarily have some grasp of the scientific method, which in general can be gained only by contact with active scientific work. He might then encourage his better students by supplying them with appropriate reading material, a task to which he will be better suited than the parents.

In this way it might be possible to bring the proportion of Catholic research workers up to that of non-Catholics. I urge it as an extremely important part of the lay apostolate, and one which has been badly neglected. Nor need we fear that it might detract from the number available for the priesthood. We are here concerned with perhaps 100 scientists compared with 25,000 priests.

Release

One day we two—we prisoned two—shall walk
On those bright cliffs above a grape-blue sea
That we have sometimes glimpsed behind our talk
When we have longed so fiercely to be free
From all that binds us—houses, bodies, friends,
That ring us round with ever-changing bars
And shifting nets that mystify our ends,
Who would aim sheer and swerveless toward the stars.

Yet will we stumble forward, hand in hand,
Through darkened rooms and strange dim corridors
To the last room of all, and hushed will stand
Tiptoe before those vast and shadowy doors
That at our fearful touch will slowly swing
Wide on unending blue, unending spring. . . .

JOAN RAMSAY.

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CAPTAINS OF THE MODERN SOUL

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THIS article proposes to be, quite specifically, in praise of the Benedictine ideal. It can be most satisfactorily begun, however, by observing that the leadership which Mr. Hoover recently proposed as a basic requirement for the proper development of American democracy has its counterpart in every movement for the reclamation of man. We are all conscious more or less, if we observe the fortunes of the spirit in the modern age, that the leadership which used to be identical with authority has been severely challenged. In so far as the average citizen is concerned, Christianity is almost back to the formula with which it began—a formula not of the venerated power which exacts obedience but of the example which persuades the uninitiated to become its friends. Obviously this example needs to be social as well as individual. Man must be shown a resplendent way in which to live not merely alone but in the company of others. When that recipe is taught, is accepted as illuminated and eternal, one no longer pauses to consider the differences which seem to create enmity between what the world respects as intellectual leadership and what the Church proposes as religious authority. Then startling contrasts between shifting notions and primordial certainties disappear.

Let us deal with the Benedictine society as one beautiful form of Christian example. And to understand its bearing upon the whole problem of modern culture, let us set it beside a representative university —the University of Heidelberg. Here is an old school, set in the heart of what is possibly the most conspicuously modern of all countries. The Germans have watched the whole world reel, stagger and pause again, as none of the rest of us have. Even the most reflective of the traditional universities have been driven to face the shadow of a new society in the eyes of youth. A strange gift of freshness appears to have been given to the vanquished German—a power of discerning reality, which is manifest in current thought and literature. And so it is not astonishing that we Americans should have paid generous tribute to Heidelberg, in the form of an endowment presented, on behalf of various donors, by Ambassador Schurman. We can never find what was so precious to those of our fathers who studied there, and we should not care greatly for it. But of what is there now we need much. How admirable is the passion for reality that beats in the blood of the young Germany —the desperate pounding at the world's last door for understanding!

And if one goes some miles beyond Heidelberg the whole significance of this new relationship between ourselves and old-world culture is brought home. Venerable, battered by time and the brunt of war, there rise the stolid towers of a Benedictine monastery, long without a watcher or a sounding bell, but now again restored to the great rule. Neuburg Abbey dates from 1130. Its rebuilding has been in progress during only a few years. What it means and stands for is immediately apparent. Here is an immemorial Catholic culture, neither polemic nor ostentatious, but based upon the same fruitful recipes which once made barbarian Europe bloom like a garden; an example of fidelity to the eternal pilgrimage of man, given to a time which longs so deeply for both fidelity and pilgrimages; a field in which sanctity grows beautiful, in an age which has known so much of blight and doom. Neuburg, which the Benedictines have resurrected at the cost of much sacrifice, is, I say, the proper complement to Heidelberg. Not that the two are in conflict or pull the soul in different directions. One sees the great possibility for coöperation between them, just as one fastens so much hope upon the concordance of everything genuine in modern experience with the Church itself.

Why have we so constantly thought of the Benedictines as curators of a bygone age? Possibly the reason is that so many tired moderns, lovers of the middle-ages, have also been deeply enamored of monasteries. The truth of the absolute up-to-dateness of the monastic ideal that lives on from Monte Cassino is surely evident enough. Who is the most modern of English Catholic historians, both in method and point of view? The answer is surely Cardinal Gasquet. Go into the maelstrom of Hyde Park, where London stops to listen to so many ideas, and you will find an abbot, Dom Butler. Look around to see what American scholars have caught up with contemporary psychology, and you will confront Dom Verner Moore. And if you happen to be interested in modernistic architecture, you must sooner or later be delighted with the ecclesiastical designing of Dom Bellot in Holland.

Neuburg Abbey is only another, very fascinating demonstration of the same truth. It can be defined as merely the latest evidence of the remarkable virility of the monks who have undertaken to rebuild it—the Beuronese Benedictines. Indeed, one defines Neuburg in saying that it is the child of Beuron. And when one has gone down the lovely Danube valley even in imagination alone, to the last-named abbey, sensing what it means that the monks should not only have settled here, veritably in the middle of the forest, as early as twelve hundred years ago, but should actually have remained until the full tide of the latest modern culture had risen, one knows that here are a light and a life which the world simply cannot let dwindle again. Beuron is a testimonial to "the quarry that

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never flies" which one beholds with ever-increasing wonder and gratitude. I cannot hope to set forth here all that this genuinely noble Benedictine foundation is or does; but even a little, imperfectly told, is one of the best offerings a writer can bring to his countrymen.

No important intellectual or spiritual centre is, first of all, barren of a direct connection with popular life and needs. And so Beuron is a place of pilgrimage, a shrine of the Mother of Sorrows. Almost daily some throng, frequently enough parents bringing their children, comes to kneel in the chapel where an immemorially old statue is, for them all, a promise of solace. Here sacraments are administered and Masses are read by priests journeying from all parts of the world. Of course the spiritual influence of Beuron is not limited to one place. The monks go everywhere. They carry with them the atmosphere of the Benedictine ideal; and because they have developed both their own manner of liturgical action and also an individual method of preaching, a goodly and manifold vitality attends their efforts. Beuron is peculiar in that its ascetic and moral teaching is kept on a level consonant with educated mentality without ever surrendering the power to appeal to the humblest poor.

And how can this be done? Largely through the influence of the houses of study attached to the monastery. First of all there is an oblate school, in which the traditional custom of training boys who give evidence of aptitude for spiritual study is observed. Then one comes to the school of theology, manned by a professorate trained in the best universities and not seldom able, in turn, to supply some excellent man for a chair in one of them. Finally there is the "school of Saint Benedict" itself—the life according to the hallowed rule, the doing of all things primarily for God, the obedient and beautiful singing of the office, the slow progress toward the ascetic ideal. It has been noticed that, whereas the primary motto of such a monastery is the utterly unselfish "that God may be glorified in all things," the ultimate and corresponding motto is that "peace" (pax) so eminently desirable from the individual's point of view.

This whole throbbing religious activity is, however, never for a moment out of the world, or cut off from contact with the souls of the multitude. Beuron is, for instance, a survival deep into our time of the old monastic practice of hospitality. It keeps a house for guests in which strangers are sheltered without regard to race, creed or social standing. Moreover, during the past year more than two thousand destitute persons were lodged and cared for in the monastery, which managed to provide clothing, medical aid and employment for many. Naturally one cannot begin to enumerate those to whom a sojourn in this valley of sacred calm has brought comfort of soul past understanding. In all these respects, it is true, Beuron is no different from any other Benedictine foundation. But remember the stress under which central Europe has lived during years past, and you will conclude that few cloisters have ever been given a larger opportunity to exemplify the virtue of charity.

With the intellect of our age Beuron has at least three very important contacts. Among these art is perhaps the most widely known, the Beuron style having been employed in building and decorating many recent churches. I have described it as best I could in an article written at the time when the monks were introducing their art products to the United States. It may not be out of place to remark here that during the past years many of us have come to admire greatly the color prints, the ivory Madonnas, the exquisitely wrought chalices and the many devotional objects which the monastery has made available to a wide public. But the true significance of Beuronese art is, perhaps, not so much in what has been accomplished. It is rather in the fact that the monastery is still able to attract eminent artists (Dom Verkade the painter and Dom Kraemer the goldsmith are two living instances) who put on the habit of Saint Benedict with something akin to nonchalance. That a tradition possessing such powers of renewal is bound to exercise a vast influence upon the whole task of making the Divine sanctuary more nearly worthy of the Mysterium Fidei need hardly be said.

Secondly, the Beuronese congregation has carried on an arduous scientific work, which to the scholar is one of its most interesting endeavors. The Palimpsest Institute has gained world-wide recognition for its success in restoring the buried texts of ancient manuscripts. During the centuries before printing, when vellum was expensive and learning eager, books considered relatively useless were often defaced so that new copy might be written into the old volumes. Today, research is eager to get back farther and farther into the origins; and so the handwriting once scratched out has become very precious. By perfecting a method, based upon photography with ultra-violet rays, for bringing the buried mystery to light once again, the Beuronese monks have been able to restore a number of lost books. The labor is infinitely difficult and almost infinitely costly, if human energy be reckoned at its face value. But it is an eminently Benedictine undertaking, worthy of a great past.

Finally, one must not forget what Beuron has done for liturgical music. Choral singing is kept up, as a matter of course, night and day; and Vespers are there, floods of humbling melody, supplying the deathless songs of David with unforgettable settings. Bolstering up this practice there is a Schola Cantorum, the influence of which upon the art and study of ecclesiastical music are familiar to all. A member of this Schola is professor of his subject at the University of Cologne. Indeed, if one excepts Solesmes and Maria Laach, Beuron is very likely the best illustration of what the Motu Proprio actually means.

That is the rounded, full, virile Benedictine culture which has blossomed in Germany despite the storms

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encompassing the modern soul. Add it to the ideal professed by Heidelberg, and you have the meaning of genuinely European civilization in a nutshell. The modern university and a hallowed old Christian rule; the stress of youth and a peace which passeth understanding; a passion for truth and an unalterable devotion to Truth. And so it has seemed wholly fitting to us that, just as the importance of Heidelberg has been recognized in a practical fashion, by American generosity, so also some manner of gift ought to be found for the hale Benedictine purpose set squarely, at Neuburg, in the heart of Europe. If it be one of the purposes of the Calvert Associates to foster spiritual culture, and another to labor for the pacification of the world according to the counsel of the Holy Father, here surely is a cause for which we can rightly plead—a cause which promises both to aid the best Catholic effort and to set our surplus abundance in the way of meeting the need of Europe's poor.

Frankly, this is a plea for whatever anyone who reads may care to give, out of his purse, for the help of Beuronese monks unable, as a result of the war, to secure alms at home. It is not often that anything which savors of a financial petition is expressed in these columns; but we make no apology for our interest in what seems to us a wholly sound request. I can only add that, if there be any gentle reader who, having heard this call, can answer it, we shall be glad to forward his gift to the representative of Beuron, either now or at any future time. And this can be promised in return—an assurance that one has aided in rendering the world a little nobler, somewhat more beautiful, and a certain promise that a measure of Benedictine peace shall be given, in God's own way.

AGOSTINO GEMELLI

By HENRY LOUIS HUGHES

"VIVAT, crescat, floreat!"

The sonorous Latin words rang out sharp and clear, followed by a loud buzz of approval, as all eyes were fixed for a moment on Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, who had uttered them from the raised dais at the end of the crowded hall.

The dream of Italian Catholics for half a century had been realized at last, for it was with these words that, on December 7, 1921, the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart was formally opened by the energetic Milanese cardinal, destined so soon after to be raised to the chair of Saint Peter as Pius XI.

Among those present on that historic occasion no one perhaps was more deeply moved than the thickset, bare-headed Franciscan friar who stood behind the cardinal. The naturally stern expression of his features relaxed into a happy smile as he surveyed the numerous throng of prelates, professors, humble artisans, students and government officials from every corner of Italy assembled in the great hall of the new building in the Via S. Agnese. It was beyond doubt to the students that Father Gemelli's heart particularly went out; as he gazed down from the raised platform on the moving sea of faces beneath him, he must have recalled the painful apprenticeship to life which it had been his own lot to experience when he too had stood on the threshold of manhood, some twenty years before.

It was in 1896, when he was eighteen years of age, that he had entered for the first time the imposing portals of the ancient University of Pavia. The intellectual atmosphere at Pavia, as at other Italian state universities of that time, was, partly for political reasons, anything but Catholic. Dazzled, bewildered by the marvelous scientific discoveries of the age, Gemelli, like the other students of his generation, was taught to believe that science would be able to solve every problem that perplexed his mind. His sole religious faith during those early years was the monistic creed of Haeckel, while his practical conception of life was based entirely on the clumsy materialistic precepts of Marxian Socialism.

Thanks to quick brains and exuberant spirits he soon became a conspicuous figure in the student life at Pavia. He started a Socialist magazine for circulation among his fellow-students; he dashed off at white heat violent articles on current events for the local press; he spoke at meetings and harangued on street corners; nothing loath to add the weight of his fists, if necessary, to the force of argument. This latter method he considered most suitable for his dealings with those students—very few in number—belonging to the then somewhat anemic society known at Pavia as the Catholic Students' Club.

As regards actual study he soon came to be recognized as one of the most brilliant students of his year, and in 1902 when he took an excellent degree in medicine and surgery, Professor Golgi, a nerve specialist of wide repute and incidentally a convinced disbeliever in the Christian conception of life, was glad to offer him a position as an assistant in his laboratory.

Scarcely a year later, to the pained surprise of his professors and the hearty disgust of his free-thinking father, Gemelli deliberately turned his back on his profession, on his friends and on his future, and shut himself up in a Franciscan monastery near Brescia. . . .

The immediate and external cause of Gemelli's conversion was the influence of a young Milanese lawyer, Giandomenico Pini, who had but lately left the bar to become a priest, and who was employed at that time on the staff of the Ambrosian Library in Milan.

Hot, eager arguments took place from time to time

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in the library reading-room between the young priest and the Socialist doctor. The discussions were prolonged, as a matter of fact, at intervals throughout a whole summer—much to the annoyance and disgust of students, who more than once petitioned the head of the library, Monsignor Ratti, to request the two to be silent. In the end Gemelli had perforce to acknowledge defeat. The lawyer-priest too had not merely won one of his hardest cases, but had also discovered that, rather than in the life of a student, his real vocation lay in the line of active missionary work with young men. Monsignor Pini has since become well known throughout Italy for his apostolic labors among university students, of whose Catholic associations he is now the ecclesiastical head.

On November 23, 1903, Gemelli entered the Franciscan novitiate. He was ordained to the priesthood during March, 1906, and on November 23, 1907, he made his solemn profession as a Franciscan. It was in the spring of the latter year that he formed a definite resolution which was to prove the guiding principle of his later life.

He had come in touch with so much evil in Italian universities, had absorbed so much of it from books, and witnessed the ruin of so many minds, that it was only natural that he should look forward to a life wholly spent in striving to bring God back into the lives of the cultured and intellectual classes, in whose hands lay the destiny of the nation. Society had begun to crumble to pieces, he felt, from the day when the young had learnt in lay schools to recognize God no longer. Come what might, then, he would devote all his energies to preventing the souls of other young men from ever passing through that tragic phase of agnosticism which, owing to ignorance of the first elements of Christian doctrine, had been his own experience when he was a university student. . . .

In order that he might continue his research work and thereby increase his knowledge of medical science and kindred subjects, Gemelli was sent abroad by his superiors between 1907 and 1911 to the Universities of Bonn, Frankfort, Munich, Cologne, Vienna, Louvain, Amsterdam, and to the Catholic Faculty of Paris. In 1911 he took his degree of Doctor in Philosophy at Louvain, and in 1914 accepted from the Italian government an appointment as teacher of experimental psychology at the University of Turin.

Not content with being merely a frequent and valued contributor to various Italian literary and scientific journals, the enterprising Franciscan started a bimonthly periodical in Florence in 1908—the Rivista di Filosofia Neo-Scolastica; and in 1914 with the help of a few friends, Necchi, Olgiati and Chiocchetti, he brought out in Milan a Catholic monthly review of general culture, Vita e Pensiero.

Before the outbreak of war Gemelli had already published: Modern Theories of Crime (1908); The Cures of Lourdes from a Scientific Point of View (1908); Cesare Lombroso: The Funeral of a Man and of a Doctrine (1910); The Origin of Man and Haeckel's Falsifications (1910); The Enigma of Life and the Most Recent Biological Theories (1910).

During the war he acted as military chaplain at the General Headquarters of the Italian army, where owing to his energy and personal initiative, the whole Italian army was officially consecrated to the Sacred Heart on the first Friday in the first month of the year 1917; with the result that nearly two million communicants approached the temporary altars erected in the trenches and behind the lines.

When peace was finally declared, Gemelli was in a position to add two other reviews to those he was already conducting—the Rivista del Clero Italiano, and Fiamma Viva, the organ of Italian Catholic young women's associations.

The idea which Gemelli later put into execution, that of founding a Catholic University in Italy, was no new one. It had been mooted as long ago as 1874 at the Catholic congress held in Venice.

In the autumn of 1917 he had been present with those who stood round the death-bed of the celebrated Professor Toniolo of Pisa—one of the most conspicuous and universally respected figures in the history of Catholic Action in Italy during the last fifty years. "I shall not see the end of the war," murmured the old professor sadly, "but as soon as it is over, you must start the Catholic University." Gemelli gave his word to the dying man that he would do so. From that moment the creation at some future date of a Catholic University in Italy became certain.

How the indefatigable Franciscan set to work to keep this promise has been told in detail in an able study of Father Gemelli by Pio Bondioli, an English translation of which will appear very shortly in America. After overcoming by sheer grit and determination the very greatest obstacles, Father Gemelli at last achieved his purpose on December 7, 1921, when the Catholic University of Milan, of which he was to be the first rector, was formally opened in the Via S. Agnese.

"Vivat, crescat, floreat!" The Catholic University of Milan, more than fulfilled this hope when in October, 1924, it obtained official recognition from the Italian government—degrees conferred by it being considered of equal value in every respect to those taken at any other state university.

In its rector, Father Agostino Gemelli, and in the devoted band of professors he has gathered around him, Chiocchetti, Olgiati, Padovani, Vismara, Salvadori and others, the Catholic University can now claim to possess some of the best brains among the clergy and laity in Italy. These are men who have set themselves the splendid task of forming out of the lads who pass through their classrooms a new and healthier generation of Italians—a generation which will be ready to solve modern problems in the spirit of the Gospel, not unmindful, as were their predecessors, of the old maxim: "Initium sapientiae timor Domini."

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AUTHORS, HAUGHTY AND HUMBLE

By RICHARD BURTON

THE almost inconceivable hauteur of authors of a slightly older day comes as a shock to our modern democratic consciousness. The editor, publisher or theatre manager approached today by a writer with wares to sell is an autocrat extending favors, not a suppliant who seeks the good graces of a coveted patron. In fact the rôles are now reversed. Once the author was patron; now he who purchases a commodity, be it a magazine article or a manuscript of a book or play, occupies that lofty position. But go you back to the eighteenth century, or to the first half of the nineteenth, and you are confronted by a state of things so vastly other that one gasps at it, and can hardly credit the changed conditions. The thought is occasioned by the perusal of certain letters exchanged between Bulwer and Alfred Bunn, famed in his time as lessee of those two standard English theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

Back in the eighteen thirties Lord Lytton (as he was to become) was only E. L. Bulwer, a promising young writer with his stage successes yet to be. That Bunn did not think over-well of him is shown by the fact that, when a "select committee of dramatic literature" was appointed in 1832 to consider the reduction of the entrance prices to Covent Garden, under the chairmanship of Bulwer and a Mr. Duncombe, it was irreverently referred to by the theatre lessee as "that redoubtable display of mummery." The drama by Bulwer, The Duchess de la Vallière, was produced at Covent Garden, and when published contained an "advertisement" which fell under Mr. Bunn's eye and aroused his ire. He quotes Bulwer's words:

> This play was written in the autumn and winter of 1835. It was submitted to no other opinion than that of Mr. Macready [chief actor-manager of his time] with whom the author had the honor of a personal acquaintance; and who, on perusal, was obligingly anxious for its performance at Drury Lane. The manager of that theatre wished, *naturally perhaps, to see the manuscript before he hazarded the play;* the author (perhaps no less naturally) declined a condition from a manager which was precisely of that nature which no author of moderate pretensions conceded to a publisher. A writer can have but little self-respect who does not imagine, in any experiment in literature, that no risk can be greater than his own.

Imagine an author today arrogantly intolerant of the idea of submitting his script in advance of acceptance to publisher or editor! It reads like a fairy-tale. Small wonder that Bunn, a manager confronted by a condition, not a theory, replied as follows:

> The writer of this precious piece of modesty, Mr. E. L. Bulwer, not having condescended to mention the cognomen of the particular manager herein alluded to . . . it becomes the duty of the delinquent who could do such an audacious thing as to refuse to pay a sum of money for a piece of which he had never read a line, to proclaim himself.

He then proceeds to reproduce this amusing scene between himself and Macready:

> Mr. Macready came into my room and with a self-satisfied smile said,
>
> "What will you give for a first-rate play by a first-rate man?"
>
> "A first-rate price," said I; "and who's your friend?"
>
> "I am not at liberty to mention names," answered he.
>
> "Then send me the piece, and you shall have my answer in four and twenty hours."
>
> "I do not think the author will do that," rejoined he.
>
> "Pray, have you read it?"
>
> "I have, and think highly of it," answered he.
>
> "Well, doctors, you know, may differ; and I should like to know upon what ground I, who have all the risk to run, am to be deprived of the same opportunity of judging accorded to you, who are a comparative cipher in the affair."
>
> The following day brought another interview at which Mr. Macready conveyed to me the important intelligence that the author was no less a person than Edward Lytton Bulwer; that he required a considerable sum to be paid down on the delivery of the manuscript, and that the communication was to be considered altogether private. I took the liberty of saying that, although Mr. Bulwer might be considered a first-rate novelist, he could not possibly be considered a first-rate dramatist [the level-headed Bunn makes a distinction with a real difference] and that I declined any such blind bargain.

He wrote to this effect to the author and received a reply, parts of which may be quoted as a sublime example of toploftical conceit, and incidentally as an illustration of the adage, "other times, other customs":

> With regard to showing the manuscript to you, sir, in your capacity of manager, while I allow it quite natural in you to wish to see the play before you produce it, yet having in no instance since my first publication allowed a purchaser to inspect any work of mine in manuscript, having always found such reputation as I may possess a sufficient guarantee for its contents; so on the other hand it is natural for me not to depart from a rule hitherto carefully maintained, on one side, and cheerfully complied with, on the other. . . . Had you not been the manager of a theatre, I might naturally have wished to benefit from the suggestions of a longer dramatic experience than my own.

This is one of those documents only believable because true. Had some novelist composed it as an alleged picture of a bygone time, it would have been set down as rank caricature. And the revelation it contains of the author as an aristocrat complacently

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patronizing the poor, humble buyer of his goods is so unrelated to present conditions that one pinches oneself awake in reading it. One's sympathies go out to Bunn, who adds after the quotation:

> The one great point of requiring me to buy what the profane call a pig in a poke not being conceded, the matter, after a letter or two more, dropped.

Concerning that delicious sentence, "it is quite natural in you to wish to see the play before you produce it," he feelingly remarks: "It would puzzle the devil himself to produce it, unless he *could* see it"; and notes the other example of unconscious humor:

> Had I not been the manager of the theatre, I should have read it. I must confess this beats all the logic I ever listened to, hollow. An actor [he means Macready] brings his manager a play which, in his opinion (actors are invariably bad judges of the general effects of a piece, and this actor as bad as the rest, because they think only of their own part in it) is a very fine one, requires a sum of money for it before the manuscript can be given up, and is strictly prohibited from telling the author's name. To comply with such preposterous expectations would be to admit that the actor was a first-rate judge, the author an eminent dramatist, and the manager an irredeemable fool.

Evidently Mr. Bunn has excellent common sense, and his accent is of our time rather than his own. He was put upon by Messrs. Macready and Bulwer, he knew it, and so saved himself some trouble.

We can forgive him his malicious satisfaction in chronicling the fate of the play rejected by him:

> Now look at the result of all this swagger on the one side, and common prudence on the other. The Duchess de la Vallière was received on the first night of its performance with that fallacious hubbub the claquers of a party can always create; but it was considered, dramatically speaking, a failure, and was a positive loss to the treasury of the theatre.

All the world is now aware that it was not to rank with Bulwer Lytton's avowed successes, such as Richelieu or The Lady of Lyons.

This whole incident, so piquant, and possessing all the charm of contrast with our present situation in the playhouse, is but a single exemplar of the general fact that one has only to go back less than a hundred years to find the author—a Bulwer, a Disraeli or a Byron—posing as an aristocrat toying with letters, writing as if with his left hand, with an implication that professional contacts with literature were below dignity, something a gentleman hardly indulged in. Witness Byron's gesture in returning a royalty check to his publisher—though later accepting it! Women, as in the case of Jane Austen, hesitated to avow themselves professional authors. The cash returns from literary endeavors were something to wink at; if taken, then taken in private. It was a trifle ungentlemanly to write for pay, and still more unladylike. This was the state of things in the eighteenth century, wherein, while Johnson and Goldsmith, to be sure, sweated like honest workmen in Grub Street, many a gentlemanly writer like Horace Walpole seems but a dilettante flirting with a goose quill. And this lasted well into the nineteenth century, and died hard. George Eliot, in assuming a masculine pen-name in 1857, when her first fiction was written, appears to have had some feminine shrinking from coming right out as a professional maker of stories. In short, only a century ago an author socially self-conscious preferred to seem an amateur, not a professional, in letters. And an editor of a review or a publisher appeared in some sort as a tradesman. The first publishers of Keats and Shelley never dreamed of not paying a round sum down in advance for the copyrights of the works of those poets; to ask them to await royalties and take a risk was not in the bargain of the tradition.

What a vivid contrast it makes with the twentieth century, with authors sitting cap in hand in the outer offices of great periodicals or publishers; walking the streets from one theatre manager to the next, in the hope of getting a reading for their unquestionable masterpieces (they acknowledge it themselves, and indeed the sequel often proves it, for how customary it is for a stage success to be hawked up and down Broadway before acceptance!) Yes, the modern author is a humble fellow, and it should restore his self-respect to go back and realize the mood of his prototype; to listen to the haughty accents of a young Bulwer dictating absurd terms to the shrewd Mr. Bunn; and to buck up on the suggestion that, after all, a publisher was once a timorous human being beseeching an arrogant writer for some crumbs of comfort from his table laden with dainties for his betters. It was then not the publisher or any kind of middleman who was important; but the patron, who could give the writer a social cachet by his influence. Hence the countless fulsome dedications of the past.

It is commonly said that Sam Johnson broke the back of the old-time patron by his famed letter to Lord Chesterfield declining assistance in floating his Dictionary—assistance once asked for, then proffered too late. But it looks as if the modern author had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire; he has merely shifted patrons. Once it was the nobleman to whom he doffed hat; now it is to the business man—the publisher, or editor, or manager. And his only satisfaction is that behind all of them is the great democratic reading public, non-existent in the older days when an author counted his following by hundreds, not by thousands. The author's technique today is to get by the publisher to a vast audience that, for all he knows or the publisher knows, awaits his word. It is thus a bigger guess and gamble than ever, but the rewards are so huge that the game has more thrill to it. Things even up in literature, as in life; the haughty author of the past by no means had exclusive advantage of the humble author of the present. A gentlemanly attitude perhaps was not full compensation for less cash.

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THE GHOSTLY MEN AS HISTORIANS

By ENID DINNIS

IT IS far more fashionable nowadays to be interested in what a man thinks than in what he does. We have passed the stage of studying men and events from the outside; even our fiction demands that the novelist should investigate the mind of the man who does the murder, unless he be writing a detective story. And yet withal we are continuing to get not only the facts for our history, but the plots for our historical romance, from the chronicler of events rather than from the chronicler of thoughts—that is, the "ghostly writer," as the mediaevals called him in the healthy infancy of our native speech.

The mystics as historians have yet to be exploited by those who study on scientific lines and realize the untruth of a record of facts. Similarly, the psychology of the mediaevals as revealed by their ascetical writers could, one might dare suggest, contribute an even more essential factor to the making of colorful historical romance than the records of the chroniclers—decidedly more than the findings of the politicians who came later and ground their axes on the hard fact which was, in its nakedness, less true than a fiction.

It is the ghostly writer, with his treatise on Divine Love, and on the mending of life—that necessary if tiresome preliminary to the great adventure of the soul—who explains to us why mediaeval Christendom was apparently peopled by either saints or murderers. Why, in short, the average well-behaved person did not appear to exist.

The truth of the matter is that the average well-behaved person did not exist. The royal divorce in England in the sixteenth century was the prelude to that other unholy divorce—between good behavior and the "Divine reason why." The overthrow of the Catholic faith in England was the parent, as in every other place, of what one may term, with no undue carping, respectability: that is, morality for its own sake as opposed to morality for the sake of a bright vision which demanded the virtues as a love-offering.

In the real ages of faith, the man in the street did not learn to behave himself until he had learnt to love God. The social code which prescribes the thing done and the thing not done, apart from the machinery of the law, had not been evolved, let alone "touched with emotion" to make of it a kind of non-supernatural religion. Everything was done outside the prohibitions of religion, and even there it took a theologian to disprove a man's right to take the law into his own hands in the matter of assassination and the removal of tyrants, or those who had broken the law in his regard. It counted as sanctity in the eyes of Blessed Henry Suso's contemporary chronicler that the saint forbade his disciples to throw the miscreant who had slandered him into the river to drown.

This fact, whether it redound to the credit of our age or a past one, sweeps the stage clear of a host of dull people and gives us an intriguing mob of human beings clothed for the most part in a kind of spiritual motley: poisoners who were liturgically inclined; monks who hit out freely at one another and gave no undue scandal—members of a Church which excommunicated occasionally for reasons of discipline, but which did not blackball the applicant for admission on account of Adam's frailty, or make the place too hot for him when he ceased to decorate it.

It is a truism that human nature never changes, but human nature circumscribed by the limits of social expediency is curiously different in its action from human nature where the urge is independent of such considerations as duty, self-respect and the embargo placed on the thing which is not done.

We go to the works of Rolle of Hampole; of Hilton; to the author of the Cloud of Unknowing, for the motives and impulses of the men who mended their lives, essayed a form of perfect living, or climbed the Ladder of Perfection in what may be termed the pre-respectability period. These writers introduce us to a man who, like Saul of Tarsus, has seen a vision. "Unmade Love" has placed its urge in his soul. He proceeds to acquire the Christian virtues by a painful process. For all that he has received a call to the higher life, to "onehead with God," he is presumed to have the seven deadly sins to tackle. He attacks this "beastly" part of himself without the faintest idea of becoming respectable, but in order that he may "have liking in the sweet Name of Jesus." He refrains from homicide, not because he is a law-abiding citizen but because, like the good knight in the legend who refrained from slaying his enemy because it was Good Friday, he is making a bid for the blessing of the merciful. He is not always successful in bridling his passions, hence there may be Mass in the morning and manslaughter in the afternoon; shrift and a sharp penance, and again Mass. Conceivably, since he is but human, there will be more blood-letting, but his mysticism is, at any rate, undiluted by any minor motive. He has smitten the bleeding Christ and he weeps that his spirit has not been meeked to the likeness of his Lord. Our mysticism suffers from four centuries of adulteration; we are scarcely able to tell ourselves why we lament our misdemeanors, we have offended so many people, so many codes, as well as the God Who gave us being.

It is true that mediaeval religion suffered from the superstition of those who possessed themselves of its externals and wore it like a cloak. A crude hypocrisy existed, almost childlike in its lack of subtlety—the mediaeval hypocrite was a naif fellow, all said and

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done, whereas ours is a cunning rogue. The ghostly men gave the name of hypocrite not only as we do, to men who feigned goodness, but to men who actually performed good works, but without the supernatural motive of the love of God in their hearts. Hilton's hypocrite is the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" —the man who does good works without charity: a man uncomfortably like our respectable person!

The age also undoubtedly possessed the mean souls who, in Stevenson's term, "kept a pass-book with heaven." They were probably rarer than the other kind, who made the fear of God the end as well as the beginning of wisdom. This first one remained on, with his carnal heaven of extended earthly joys, when the light that never was on sea or land had faded from the mystic's vision until, with the triumph of materialism, respectability came into its own.

The moral etiquette of later times was far more successful with this type of soul than religion. The pass-book kept with a bank on this side of eternity, and a well-policed law of the land, produced a decent citizen. The mediaeval poltroon committed his crime in spite of the fear of hell and was healthily recognizable by his lapses. He left the line of demarcation, blurred by our latter-day respectability, intact.

The novelist who writes of these times and wishes to make his men and women live should turn from the British Museum records which give the length of a peasant's tunic, the price of a pig, the fourteenth-century bill of attainder or bill of fare, and study the psychology—blessed word! The mediaevals would have called it something much simpler—of the period as portrayed by the ascetical writers. To do this effectively, if he be a non-Catholic, he must make an incidental study of Catholicism. The Catholic novelist has an advantage over him, but the advantage is limited unless he be himself a "ghostly man." Holy Church holds the key to the human enigma. The fictionist who is well drilled in ethics is disedified by the motley of his characters—the red leg of devotion, the blue leg of bad behavior. He blames religion. He finds a monarch who can preface the day's villanies with the hearing of three Masses: he blames the Mass. Kings don't do those things nowadays. But neither do they leave warm footprints in the snow.

True, the middle-ages show us murderers in high places, ecclesiastics who acted in a manner which is peculiar to the underworld of today; but they also show us kings who not only bestowed alms but washed the feet of beggars; saints who not only built hospitals but kissed the wounds which they dressed, and medicated with the x-rays of a divine courtesy—the ultra-violet rays of love.

They show us men in whom the fire of Desire went before the keeping of the Ten Commandments, by which Possession was conditioned. Men who did not use devotion merely to decorate their decent living, whose mending of life began with the stark vices of an unrefined age which gave them blunt, biblical names, and ended with something better than a wreath from the municipality and a column in the local paper.

And what does this seeking for verisimilitude for our historical romance lead us to? Surely to at least a suspicion of the possibility that the great adventure of life is the spiritual adventure. The psychological novelist is on the right track. It may lead him along labyrinthine ways, among motives, urges, complexes, lured by fascinating contradictions, until he arrives where a great wonder awaits him.

We do not go back to the middle-ages for our means of transit, for our lighting and heating, for our surgical methods; but we still turn to the message of the ghostly men because it has not been, and cannot be, bettered. The spirituality of Rolle, of Hilton, of Julian of Norwich, touches the sublime height of "the Faith once delivered to the saints," the spirituality of all ages.

It had this advantage over ours: it led men out upon the road to the uplands when respectability was not there to lure them into a tidy tea-garden by the roadside and bid them end the adventure there.

It made melody of the Holy Name of Jesus, and the troubadour went forth, a figure of romance. It sent love like a raging fire before the men who kept the law, and the world was saved from drabness by the spectacle of the flaming spirits who served the God of Whom all goodness is a symbol.

It produced saints, the more of them because the remainder were sinners instead of "respectable people." And since the saint is infinitely farther above the respectable person than the sinner, or criminal, is below him, we may tread cheerfully the dark ways of the middle-ages in company with the ghostly men, seeking an adventure which, if he be true to his tenets, should more than satisfy the psychological reader, and withal produce a real novelty in the way of romance.

Annunciation

Mary the maiden walked out in the country,
Telling the wheat what the angel had told her,
The bees tumbled out of the flag-flowers to listen,
The birds stopped their fledglings and told them to
heed her.

A woman in blue with wheat to her knees,
Mid a silence of birds, and a stillness of bees,
Singing, "Golden, ah golden, with seedsprays
unfurled,
Ripen within me, O Wheat of the world!"

Mary, blue-hooded, walked out in the country,
Telling the vine what no other must know yet,
The butterflies flew to her hems as to harebells,
The flowers on the bushes shook gold rain upon her.

A woman, gold-wet, with rainbow eyes,
And a border of living butterflies,
Singing, "Purple, ah purple, with tendrils close curled,
Ripen within me, O Vine of the world!"

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Katerina

THE strength of many Russian writers lies in their powerful portrayal of half-truths. Leonid Andreyev, the author of Katerina, now in the repertory of Miss Le Gallienne's Fourteenth Street theatre, seems to revel in what are, apparently, gloomy fatalities—not, of course, the impositions of an outside fate so much as the rigid and exacting consequences of human deeds. He sees, as it were, the crucifixion of life without the resurrection, and that, of course, is the most appalling and disastrous of all half-truths.

The theme of Katerina is this: that a man may, by unjust suspicion, so kill the soul of a woman that she becomes henceforth the very thing he suspected her of being. George Stibelev believes his wife Katerina has been unfaithful to him. He is accusing her of this offstage as the curtain rises. Then comes a pistol shot. Katerina flees through the room and two more shots follow her—missing her body but, as the play then sets out to prove, killing her soul. The rest of her life brings not only her own degradation but that of everyone with whom she comes into intimate contact, until even the men she has drawn to her are found shunning her as though she were a moral corpse.

The play is dated in the sense that today Katerina would be turned over to an expert psychiatrist. It is not dated, however, in the sense that long before psychiatry was thought of, humanity was well aware of the force of spiritual resurrection latent within every one, and that Andreyev has deliberately ignored this half of the truth of life in order to give his tragedy the fatalistic sweep of Greek drama. If the psychiatrist would quite properly call Katerina an unnecessary tragedy today, the true mystic of another century would have found it equally unnecessary and sterile for a similar and even more universal reason. Drama becomes universal only in the measure that it allows for the whole truth of life—for mercy as well as judgment, for example; for illumination as well as darkness, for the clear, small flame of hope pervading even the "noon of night."

I do not mean that the writer or dramatist must endow every human character with a spiritual or moral ressurection. It would be just as much a form of fatalism to assume that resurrection must follow every descent automatically and without the exercise of free will as to assume always a final and fatal collapse. There is drama enough to fill the stages of the world in the story of failure. But to be truly failure, there must have been some effort which has failed. And the moment you grant effort, you grant the object of the effort and with it the other half of the truth of life. There is also a world of drama in malicious and destructive evil—but once more, the deliberate evil must have a protagonist. Andreyev's story might have had the same sad course and yet have achieved universality through injecting the sense of constant spiritual struggle. When American audiences and critics resent what they term the depressing gloom of many Russian writers, it is not, I am sure, the tragic ending they dislike, so much as the absence of just such struggle, an absence implying a deep-rooted falsity toward life and the inner experience of ages.

Miss Le Gallienne's production of Katerina merits considerable praise in the general quality of its acting and staging. Mme. Nazimova plays the part of the neurotic heroine with her usual fine embroidery of revealing gesture and pantomime, and with occasional well-timed emotional outbursts. She indulges in too much deliberate posing, and every now and then one becomes conscious of witnessing acting rather than a true characterization. But at least Mme. Nazimova is never boring, and frequently she is splendidly dramatic. Walter Beck is thoroughly within the part of George, giving it a fine sincerity, and Donald Cameron as an artist friend carries rare conviction. The play as a whole has little to redeem its essential falsity and sordidness. A dangerous half-truth, told with misleading power. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

Flight

A PLAY that attempts to deal in unrestrained terms with the problem of an unmoral girl of the younger generation who suddenly seeks a better road, cannot afford to rely on obvious dramatic tricks. Its only possible justification is utter sincerity, and a complete willingness on the author's part to face the realities of the characters as created. Flight, by Susan Meriwether and Victor Victor, gives the feeling of sincerity only in spots. For the most part it lacks integrity, both in dramatic outline and in characterization, and for this reason its passages of would-be daring become merely cheap and inexcusable—when they are not likewise, one is compelled to add, childish and absurd.

It is not surprising that Cynthia Larrimore should have twisted views of life, when you consider that her father sets the example by having an open affair with practically every pretty face he meets. Cynthia's mother has remained with him only for her daughter's sake. Cynthia begins to follow her father's footsteps until John Hill, a young aviator, drops out of the sky. Her feeling for him is instinctively deeper and truer than for other men she has known—but not deep enough at first to prevent her making love to him to win a wager. It is only later—too late—that she discovers the utter difference between him and all others. He wants to marry her, and she herself wants nothing more than marriage, but her inner honesty compels her to tell him the truth about herself. She does this awkardly enough to create a serious misunderstanding, and to make a second act possible. Dramatic trick number one.

In the second act, which is set six weeks later, Cynthia finds she is reaping the whirlwind of her indiscretions. She is brave enough to face it and to resist all suggestions (quite openly discussed on the stage) of taking an illegal way out of her difficulties. But when John Hill returns, once more ready to marry her, she cannot, in honesty, tell him that he will be the father of her child. Instead of saying so, she tries in a very involved and childish way to find out if he himself has any doubts, and when she discovers that he has, tries to degrade herself shamelessly to drive herself from his mind forever. This, of course, necessitates a third act. Dramatic trick number two. In this third act, thanks to John Hill's straight thinking and manly faith in her, everything turns out so beautifully right that even Pollyanna would beam over it—and certainly no one would suspect that life often demands

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a serious toll even from those who are partly victims of example and environment.

The worthwhile points in Flight are fairly obvious. It does show a girl of considerable courage who will stoop to no cowardly evasions, and who finally awakens to the realities of conduct demanded by life. It does show a young man of sufficient honesty to recognize this courage and pin his faith on it for the future. As these simple qualities and ideas are rare in the theatre today, they deserve recognition on their own account. But in the telling of the story, Flight breaks its own sincerity in order to prolong a very simple situation into a three-act play. A few words from Cynthia in Act One or Act Two (the kind of words really in keeping with her character) would have settled the whole matter. The second trouble lies in the material selected for the story's presentation. It is supposed to be good box office to have the curtain drop on a suggestive love scene—and that is what happens in the first scene curtain of Flight. Bare-handed discussion of babies is also in the box-office mode—and that sort of discussion is prolonged from the essential once to the unnecessary fourth and fifth times, apparently for no other reason than to make elderly ladies sit up with a start and a blush. Flight is an odd mixture of honesty and theatrical fake—in which the beautifully sincere acting of Miriam Hopkins as Cynthia almost covers up the fake. To call the play as a whole "honest" is merely to mistake an occasional flicker for a steady flame. (At the Booth Theatre.)

Brothers

THIS rather belated review will have to record that Brothers, by Herbert Ashton, jr., in which Bert Lytell returns as a star to the legitimate stage, is a melodrama, frank and unashamed, with many moments of fine theatre and enough tried and true theatrical tricks to make it good entertainment for all except the most jaded and exacting of playgoers.

Three doctors place orphan twins in families at the opposite poles of life in order to observe whether environment or hereditary has most to do with determining their future. The real story begins twenty-eight years later. One of the brothers is a lawyer, the other a piano player in a cheap water-front dive. Both parts are played, of course, by Mr. Lytell, and many complexities of action and incident have to be introduced to make possible the quick changes of make-up. The story is rather too complicated to relate in detail; it is enough to say that the brother from the slums proves to have the finer character, while the other becomes a hopeless narcotic fiend and criminal. The play has plenty of action, some pretty blatant vulgarities in the water-front café, and some ace-high improbabilities, if you care to be critical, but manages to work through to an ending in which the brother from the slums takes the place of the other one, who kills himself conveniently. Incidentally, the way in which he kills himself is the only unsatisfactory device in the play—since one of the original three doctors knows in advance what he is going to do and makes no effort to stop him: one of those pseudo-high-minded judgments which is little better than that of a surgeon who would let a criminal patient die deliberately because his continued existence raises practical difficulties. Mr. Lytell proves himself a versatile actor with an excellent voice and diction. He possesses above all an engaging sincerity which properly tones down the more flamboyant heroics of his present dual rôle. (At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

CARDINAL MERCIER AND TEMPERANCE

St. John's, Newfoundland.

TO the Editor:—I have just chanced to see the letter entitled Cardinal Mercier and the Volstead Act in your issue of December 5, 1928. As a former pupil of the great cardinal, I was intimately acquainted with his feelings on temperance questions. I thought some personal recollections on this point might not prove uninteresting.

1. Your servant was the first teetotaller whom Monsignor Mercier had as pupil and "commensal." In the Belgium of thirty years ago, a person who eschewed all wine and beer was looked upon as a curiosity. Notwithstanding that, my professor both in public and in private always encouraged me to keep my pledge faithfully. In private he used to say to me what a precious safeguard such a promise was for my after career, and that furthermore it was a little act of mortification and penance—or, "un chrétien ne doit jamais se départir de la penitence." In public when my companions poked fun at me, he always took my part. One day a comrade said before him, that no doubt when I was a curé I should get over all that nonsense. Monsignor laughed, and looking at me keenly answered: "Notre ami Kitchin a plus de volonté que ça." Another day my immediate neighbor at table happened to be drinking water. Monsignor called my attention to it and added smilingly: "Vous voyez, vos idées font leur chemin." In his instructions to us seminarians I heard him insist frequently on the danger to a priest of so-called moderate drinking. He would wind up by saying that nothing worth while could come from a soul saturated with self-indulgence and a body saturated with alcohol, and that "la penitence chrétienne"—a favorite expression of his—demanded a rigid and watchful sobriety.

2. Some years later Monsignor Mercier, now Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, in a private letter to me, expressed his desire to combat drink in his diocese, and he asked me to send him documents that he could utilize for a conference or pastoral letter. His words were: "Je voudrais faire quelque chose dans mon diocese pour combattre l'alcoolisme. Vous pourrez m'être utile en cela en me procurant quelques documents. . . . Je voudrais des documents religieux: textes des conciles provinciaux, encouragements donnés par les evêques à la temperance, informations sur la vie et l'oeuvre de Father Matthew, etc., etc. Je ferais alors un jour un mandement ou un discours public sur la matière et la réussite, s'il y en a, serait partagé entre vous et votre tout devoué en N. S. Des. Jos. Arch. de Malines."

3. In his Vie Intérieure, published in 1918, the cardinal exhorts his clergy in the strongest terms against indulgence in spirits. On page 268 of that admirable work he writes: "Soyez sobre—sobrius esto—suivant le conseil de Paul à Timothée. Que de vies ecourtées, que de santés compromises, que de capacités de travail intellectuel amoindries, que de ressorts de volonté relâchés, par une suralimentation soi-disante fortifiante, ou une absorption d'excitants—tabac, alcool, maudit alcool, ingurgité à doses insidieuses—qui altèrent lentement la substance nerveuse et détraquent, par contre-coup, les plus fortes constitutions. . . . Si le clergé voulait renoncer à l'alcool et au tabac, ou ne'n user qu'avec une modération extrême, la courbe de sa mortalité flechirait aussitôt et, par voie de conséquence, la somme de travail apostolique monterait considerablement."

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4. As he grew older the cardinal, like his great contemporary, Cardinal Ferrari, became more and more ascetic and detached from the world. He did not shrink from putting some of those privations on himself which we usually associate only with the great saints. Among those privations was complete abstention from wine. Wine was still served at his table, but he drank only water. He liked to see his clergy equally abstemious, but he did not expect perfection from everyone, and the butler replenished the glasses of the guests when these were emptied.

"J'ai dans la suite diné plusieurs fois à la table de Son Eminence et voici ce que j'ai toujours constaté: il se laissait remplir son verre comme les autres, mais lui-même n'y touchait pas, il ne prenait que de l'eau. Il aimait bien de voir son clergé en faire autant, mais le domestique remplissait toujours les verres quand ils avaient été vidés. (Le Cardinal Mercier: Souvenirs Intimes, par A. Van Biervliet.)"

RT. REV. WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN.

SCOUTING

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I read with a great deal of interest Father Kilian's criticism of my recent article on Scouting published in The Commonweal. But I find that I must still maintain my former position and I would emphasize particularly two points:

1. It is most emphatically and unquestionably true that the Holy See explicitly approved the formation of Boy Scout troops according to the present arrangements in the United States. The letter of Cardinal Gasparri dated October 7, 1919, is perfectly clear on this point. Father Kilian vaguely hints that this letter was obtained from its eminent author under false pretenses but he brings no evidence to support this fact nor is it easily credible. The Holy See does not customarily issue important documents without understanding what it is doing. There has never been any move on the part of Rome to retract the Cardinal's approval above mentioned.

2. Father Kilian is certainly wrong when he says of the Catholic Boy Scouts of Europe that "since they are organized along religious lines, they do not belong to the international union." I have before me the official list of national Boy Scout organizations which are affiliated with the Boy Scouts International Bureau in London. This list includes all the distinctively Catholic national organizations of which I have ever heard; namely, the Baden-Powell Boy Scouts of Belgium, the Scouts de France, and the Baden-Powell Luxembergian Boy Scouts. Besides these, the Giovanni Esploratori Cattolici Italiani were affiliated until they were suppressed by the Fascists. I cannot imagine how Father Kilian got the idea that these organizations were not as much a part of scouting as are the Boy Scouts of America. Neither is it true that all the Catholic troops in Europe belong to exclusively Catholic national organizations. For example, in England, which is the home of the movement, the same conditions exist as in America and they exist with the full and cordial approval of all of the ecclesiastical authorities from the cardinal archbishop down.

I hope that nothing I have said will be interpreted as a reflection upon Father Kilian's splendid movement, the Catholic Boys' Brigade. I am with him heart and soul in the fine work he is doing, but I also believe that in this field we should live and let live. The existing organizations including the Scouts and the Catholic Boys' Brigade are merely scratching the surface of the boy problem. There is plenty of room for all. It seems to me particularly unfortunate to waste energy in recrimination at this time instead of coöperating to solve the very pressing problem of recreational leadership.

PAUL HANLY FURFEY,
The Catholic University of America.

TEETH IN THE KELLOGG PACT

Moline, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Teeth in the Kellogg Pact, an editorial in the issue of February 27, restates an attitude that has become an obsession with The Commonweal, to the exclusion of any dissonant view. It sometimes seems as if, by deliberately avoiding mention of the fact that there might even be a rift in the lute of the League, you try to persuade yourself that there is none. The Holy Father advocated a peace based on justice to all. And the Catholic Church has always taught that there are just wars. In her view war is not the supreme evil, nor is all war an international crime.

Hence the question does recur—and it is not settled by being ignored—are we to approve of all the unjust settlements enforced at Versailles? In other words, if some downtrodden and exasperated small nation like Tyrol, or a half-dozen others in the same position, rebels and wages war to gain its freedom, are we to coerce it to remain enslaved, in the name of the League of Nations and the Kellogg pact? Would that be anything less than blatant hypocrisy, when we won our own freedom by war?

Or, to vary the supposition—and neither is impossible as we view the course of history—what if some colony like South Africa should decide to secede from the British empire? Are we to deny it the right that we exercised to secure our own existence as a nation?

It is, of course, far easier not to face such eventualities. It is far easier to be a smug eighteenth-century reactionary. And rank opportunism may lead some to uphold the present order as by force established. But Catholic philosophy can give no countenance to this pagan view.

One likes to think that the American people sensed at least vaguely the wrongs it was asked to underwrite through the League. And they are still sufficiently vivid in our national consciousness to prevent us from joining the League. If those of us who reason thus are wrong-headed, and are not convinced by the arguments in favor of the League (the number of nations that have joined it, the fact that it is the only international body now in existence, etc.) a frank discussion could do no more harm than to show up our perverseness.

J. B. CULEMONS.

CONTRABAND BETWEEN NATIONS

Peterborough, Canada.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of February 6 you seem to take the position that Canada is under no obligation to keep her people from throwing objectionable material over into the United States's back yard. In other words you seem to think that a nation is not obliged to proscribe the shipment of contrabrand to another friendly state. Though a wet I cannot agree with that. Canada has no possible right to formally and officially (let alone any other way) "clear" contraband for the United States.

J. H. BURNHAM.

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BOOKS

Stevenson and Others

The Colvins and Their Friends, by E. V. Lucas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

READERS of Mr. Henry James will remember that his two-volume work on William Wetmore Story and His Friends achieved a great and unexpected success because of the skilful manner in which the sculptor was fitted into the background of the friends. Something of this sort has been done by Mr. Lucas. Colvin's position in the world of art and letters was an assured one. He was kind, keen and hospitable. His friends, those of them at least who are presented to us in this book, were men and women of note about whom the public is respectfully curious. Robert Louis Stevenson fills up too many pages; but concerning Stevenson talk shall never die. The richness of the pattern into which his life was woven has made him the delight of biographers and commentators. Since the days of Shelley and Byron no one has lent himself more vividly to reminiscences than has this sick, wandering, wayward, letter-writing and lovable man of genius.

A full half-century is passed in review by Mr. Lucas. We travel from the Franco-German War to the world war, and one of the most interesting things noted is the attitude of Mr. John Morley to the Europe of 1870. He is uneasy and annoyed, pronounces the situation "desperate" whichever side wins, and is much concerned lest Colvin should sympathize with France. In 1871 he writes to his friend: "French republicanism is hollow, wordy, intolerant, and I at least have no faith in its stability, nor in its virtue if it be stable." Thus spoke the man who forty-four years later regarded the world war, with its supreme sorrows and its deathless glory, as a personal inconvenience and a personal affront. A notable example of consistency.

Throughout the volume nothing is more apparent than Colvin's wise kindness to those who awakened his interest or warmed his heart. It is true he once expresses a grim hope that Stevenson's cat and dog ("animal demons") will eat each other; but that sentiment was wise if it was not kind. For both wisdom and kindness we must turn to the letters to Henley, for whom he had obtained work on the Pall Mall Gazette and on the St. James, and who was apparently doing this work in a fashion hateful to gods and men. Colvin warns him that the public likes to understand easily what it reads; that sentences of inordinate length require a master of structure like Ruskin or Cardinal Newman; and that the quality of "quaintness" calls for a leisurely genius like Charles Lamb. "'Damn bizarrerie!' says the ordinary editor, and not unwisely.

The most interesting pages, if we except the few charming words about that aloof and distinguished scholar, Andrew Lang, are those which relate to Henry James, also aloof and distinguished. "American by birth, European and predominantly French by early habit and training, and finally by choice and domestication deliberately and determinedly English, he had no deep-seated primary cast of mind and temperament corresponding to the Scottishness of Stevenson. He was both congenitally and by choice a looker-on."

This being his vocation, and one in which he excelled, James was naturally disposed to consider himself its only practitioner. When he said that nobody but himself ever observed anything, he was in some measure right. Balzac, who had observed everything, was long since dead. There was no other master in the field.

A book as lengthy as The Colvins and Their Friends is bound to include some negligible matter. The praises of acquaintances to whom an author has sent his publications are never worth printing. They cannot have any value as criticism. We all know the kind of comment which such presentations entail. But the greater part of the portly volume makes pleasant reading, and it is written in admirable taste. The curiosity it gratifies is not the peering curiosity of the crowd.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Do Scholastics Think?

Progressive Scholasticism, by Gerardo Bruni; authorized translation from the Italian by John S. Zybura. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.75.

IN THE two chapters of the book, Riflessioni sulla Scolastica, from which this translation is made, Dr. Bruni treats the subjects of Scholastic Philosophy and the Problem of Its Freedom, and Scholasticism and the Historic Problem.

Scholastic philosophy has been looked on askance by many because of its connection with theology. The emphasis placed on its ancillary relation to dogma has tended at times to make it appear as merely subservient to the needs of Revelation. Hence the concern of Dr. Bruni in his first chapter to show that, notwithstanding this relation, the scholastic system is really a philosophy in its own right. The clarification of this claim to be a philosophy was prevented, he asserts, by the Platonic mentality which had so large and so lasting an influence on the teaching of the Schools, and which resulted in making Christian thought at the "noontide of the middle-ages" incapable of solving the problem of the relations between reason and Revelation. The solution had to wait, he tells us, for the "innovating energy of the Aristotelianism of Albert and still more of Thomas Aquinas." As a consequence, "with Saint Thomas and his contemporaries the Christian middle-ages could claim to have come for the first time into the possession of a real and true system of philosophy."

These claims however seem somewhat excessive, especially as Rand appears to have shown that Boethius had already stated the relations of reason and faith in terms that are in substantial agreement with the position of Saint Thomas. As to just when Christian thought first found itself in possession of a system of philosophy, perhaps the answer must depend on how much completeness we are going to insist on in a system.

On the historic side, does the decline of scholasticism and its practical extinction as a living philosophy for some centuries mean the negation of its essential truth? Much modern thinking has been done on the assumption that it does. But if scholastic philosophy has to come before the world today in the guise of a system which progressive thought has outgrown and discarded, it can hardly hope for a ready welcome. Men pride themselves on what they esteem their progress and do not take kindly to the suggestion that they turn back to what they think is outworn. On the other hand, if it was not for what was essential to it that scholasticism was abandoned, then there is not any such break in the continuity of thought as has quite generally been supposed. As Dr. Bruni sees the historical aspect of the problem, "the scholastic who has not lost the sense of history and the idea of progress, and who does not wish to sequester truth from either, must acquire a vision that will allow him to see scholasticism . . . in a

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certain manner effectively living the life which should rather be called its own, in those philosophies which are more abreast of the tendencies, the aspirations, the reality of today." Dr. Bruni believes, in other words, that "truth makes its way across the gradual elimination of diverse philosophies or systematizations of philosophic knowledge"; that, "once their historical mission is fulfilled, the *systems* disappear in the sense that on the upward course of human civilization they never repeat themselves *sic et simpliciter*."

In the sense that the forward march of events must be taken account of, there can be no such thing as the revival of the old as it was. But at the same time a system of philosophy may be so permeated with the spirit of the Catholic faith, and may have been so closely interwoven with the expression of the formularies of that faith, that it seems to have acquired something like the indefectibility that belongs to the faith itself. This, without wishing to exaggerate the importance of what was after all not an essential association, is what gives to the philosophy of Saint Thomas its chief claim to be revived as the aptest instrument of Catholic thought.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

Mediaeval Masters

Founders of the Middle-Ages, by Edward Kennard Rand. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $4.00.

THIS attractive book, comprising the lectures which Professor Rand delivered before the Lowell Institute early in 1928, will prove of help and interest to the historian, the litterateur, the theologian and the educator. It also holds moments of delight for the cultivated general reader who has kept his taste unspotted from the world.

Dr. Rand's conception of history is scientific—developmental, in short, not catastrophic. He knows that the coming of the mediaeval period meant no break with the past, but that certain leaders, during those centuries when the last remnants of the Greco-Roman world in the West were merging into the middle-ages, carried on the classical tradition in their own way—a way, however, colored by the dominant interest of the times: the preservation and the propagation of the Christian faith. Since so much inherent in ancient culture was alien to the spirit of the Church, it was inevitable that many early Christians should frown upon the classics. Gregory the Great was one of the most conspicuous of the leaders who determined to break with the past.

But the Church fell heir to what was best in ancient culture and it refused to squander that inheritance. Moreover, to the minds of the noblest pagans had come flashes of eternal truth. An appeal to them could not fail to impress the unconverted populace. Saint Paul had set the precedent in his famous sermon to the Athenians: "... as certain also of your own poets have said: 'For we are also his offspring.'" Those early Christian thinkers who took their cue from Paul's superbly tactful utterance were the great exponents of Christian humanism, a not inconsiderable number among the founders of the middle-ages. Such were Minucius Felix, Lactantius, Saint Ambrose and Saint Jerome.

Boethius, too, holds an important place among the founders. Concerning the moot question of his relation to Christianity, Professor Rand engages in a masterly piece of historical and literary criticism. Until recently it was the fashion for historians—Professor Robinson, for example—to repudiate the tradition which had made of Boethius something more than a devout pagan. And even a Catholic scholar like Bishop Turner sought proof of his Christianity chiefly in circumstances extraneous to his masterpiece, The Consolation of Philosophy. Dr. Rand plunges into an enticing adventure in higher criticism, and from an examination of the contents of this famous work extracts the evidence of his Christian faith. True, in its pages the name of Christ is not mentioned and no reference is made to the Scriptures, but "the assumption of any portion of faith in an endeavor of the unaided reason would defeat its very purpose." Further internal evidence makes clear the author's personal theism. Why was Boethius put to death by Theodoric? Because, in Dr. Rand's opinion, "the circle of Boethius ... formed the core of the Catholic conservatives who were opposed to his [Theodoric's] Arianism," and, as such, looked with sympathy beyond him to the eastern emperor. If Professor Rand's deductions are correct Boethius was, in truth, a martyr to his faith. Certainly he wrote Christian tracts the authenticity of which cannot be doubted, and in which, by applying Aristotelian logic to theological problems, he laid the foundations of scholasticism.

There is a chapter on the poetry of the middle-ages and a consideration of Saint Augustine, who drew inspiration from the ancients, as a forerunner of Dante. Throughout the book there runs a strong faith in the classics as the basis of a liberal education. The author's own broad tolerance, urbane erudition and lucidity of style are illustrative of the best fruits of the ideal which he upholds.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Cannibal Converts

In the Savage South Solomons, by the Right Reverend L. M. Raucaz, S.M. Lyons: The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

IT HAS often been remarked that studies of the experience of missionaries in savage lands, tales of actual happenings and trying ordeals, make more fascinating reading than the books more or less professional travelers and newspaper explorers have been able to produce. The publications issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, whose offices are in Lyons, France, have more than once shown a charm and naïveté that, despite the simple and devout object of their production, have raised them to a valuable place in the solid body of the world's literature.

In the present book, the Right Reverend L. M. Raucaz, the vicar apostolic of the South Solomon Islands, tells the story of this field of the Marist missions. His diocese consists of a number of the mountainous islands lying westward of New Guinea and north of the Coral Sea. They were first discovered by the Spaniards under Alvaro de Mendana, on February 9, 1568, but later on, as it proved impossible for the navigators to locate them, they became mysterious islands the search for which resulted in the discovery of many of the other islands of the southern Pacific. It was not until 1781 that Buache proved that lands visited in the meanwhile by Bourgainville and Surville were the identical discoveries of Mendana in 1568.

The story of the first missionaries is one of great carnage and terror. The natives of these islands were practically all confirmed cannibals, and the slaying and devouring of bishops, priests and brothers seemed only to half-glut their voracious appetites. Bishop Epalle was received with smiles, struck down, and narrowly escaped being devoured; Father John Paget and two other missionaries lost their lives in the same gruesome kind of festivity.

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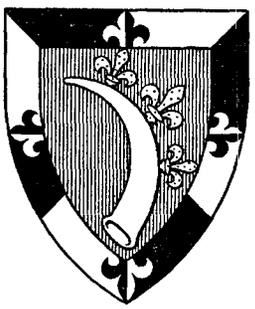

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This is the second of eight descriptive advertisements. For further information address the Registrar.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

The stories of a thronging population of the Solomon Islands can hardly be verified in their half-deserted condition. No exact census has ever been taken, and neither wars nor mutual atrocities between the different islands can quite explain the dying out of so large a part of the population. It is believed that some dire plagues have swept the islands.

"The thirst for money attracts thousands of our young natives to white centres," writes Bishop Raucaz; "we seem to be assisting at the death agony of this race formerly so strong, so deeply attached to the land. Wearing clothes, trousers, coats, shirts and ties, which they never change by day or night, and never take off till they fall off in pieces, is by no means good for their health." By no means. At present there are sixteen missionaries engaged in this outer world with 5,500 Catholics and 1,050 catechisms. The Protestant mission societies were established here long before the Catholics arrived. Their work is well performed, with a liberal fund, but the numbers of their adherents throughout the islands are generally smaller and less effective.

Bishop Raucaz has given us a highly interesting study of the history, civilization and first evangelization of the Solomon Islands and his work, aside from its spiritual intent, is rich in the folk-lore of a very primitive race.

RODERICK GILL.

Gossip of Quaker City

Walks and Talks about Old Philadelphia, by George Barton. Philadelphia: The Peter Reilly Company. $2.00.

READERS who enjoyed Mr. Barton's Little Journeys around Old Philadelphia—and they must have been numerous, for the book had a generous share of popularity—will welcome this further gathering of local sketches, most of which have originally appeared in the columns of the Evening Bulletin or the Catholic Standard and Times.

Probably the most interesting chapters are those dealing once again with colonial history: the "Declaration Chamber" of Independence Hall, the memoried stones of Congress and of Carpenters' Hall, and social life in old Philadelphia, with its winsome portrait of Martha Washington as first lady of the land. It is good, also, to be reminded of the historic old printing shop—surviving now only in the "hearts of its countrymen" and in the bronze tablet which declares that here our Declaration of Independence, our constitution, Washington's farewell address and the first daily newspaper in America received their baptism of print.

The book includes reminiscences of Gilbert Stuart and Benjamin West, of Dr. Rush and his wife, Phoebe Ann Ridgway; and somewhat less inspired memorials to Commodore Barry—whose body lies, of course, in old Saint Mary's cemetery—and to the hapless Acadians who sojourned for awhile in Philadelphia, between the peace they had once known in Nova Scotia and the peace they were soon to find in the grave. And by way of variety there are chatty visits to the delightful Chew home in Germantown, to Benedict Arnold's quondam mansion in Fairmount Park, to the ancient Jewish cemetery where Rebecca Gratz—Scott's Rebecca—lies buried, and to the rather little known art treasures of the Philadelphia cathedral.

Mr. Barton is an experienced journalist and writes in an easy and pleasantly informative style, not obtruding into the province of original research nor into the literary subtleties which mark many recent volumes of travel and description.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

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Mr. Golding Succeeds

Those Ancient Lands, by Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

THOSE Ancient Lands is Louis Golding's best book. Why this should be so it is of little purpose to inquire, yet we cannot put down the temptation to suggest that it is possibly because there was not a recorded moment of his Palestinian journey when he was not profoundly stirred by a consciousness of his race: its history, traditions and religion. Now a good argument might be made in support of the notion that a Jew is seldom more than clever when he is not actuated by such an emotion. To be more, to be genuine and profound, he must be proudly and militantly a Jew.

Here, in prose which is not often less than poetry, Mr. Golding becomes the laureate of the Zionist movement. He has wandered all over the world, and in many cities, Pittsburgh, London, Chicago, has seen the children of his own race. But nowhere do they seem so happy, or hold their heads so high, as in Palestine. And as the land has given them this, so they, returning after generations of exile, have given it something it has long lacked: life and growth. It is their land and they are its people. And they "never came thence. They never ceased from watching their sheep on the slopes of Mount Ephraim; nor grafting their vines on the low, warm terraces below Samaria and Galilee that slope down toward Jordan. My father, expounding the Book in the small room in Doomington, had his brow among the eastern stars though his feet rested on the gritty floor of an eastern ghetto."

A stylist Mr. Golding has always been. With what a solemn industry, at times, he has pursued this wearying business! There are passages in most of his other books in which the wholesale offering of the precious in word and construction lead one to despair of finding anything more. He has been an irritating writer; a man hard to read if one is not content to read with the eye alone. But his new book does not offend in that way. In it he does not mask what ideas he may own in a mockery of words. He has something to say; he is willing that he should be understood, and he becomes a better writer than we have ever dreamed he could be.

VINCENT ENGELS.

War: Dream and Fact

The Young Lovers, by H. C. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The Lay Confessor, by Stephen Graham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR those who follow H. C. Bailey's historical romances it is enough to announce that The Young Lovers moves rapidly with the aid of duels, lost brothers, French spies and, incidentally, Wellington's campaigns in Spain and Portugal against ascendant France. The uninitiated should not be frightened: the love element is properly subordinated and the old tricks of plotting are here.

Stephen Graham also writes of war, but differently. For false glamour he substitutes analysis and interpretation; he replaces puppets with characters; and his admirable prose takes the place of feckless shouting. Through the eyes of an Englishman who, years ago, adopted Russia, is seen a picture of life in that sprawling country from 1913 until the red flag floated over Petrograd. It is the story of Sasha, an easily influenced, dreamy character reminiscent of Turgeniev's crea-

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tions, and of Epiphanov, "the lay confessor," whose Oedipus complex prevents his playing a dominant rôle in a chaotic period, and is partly responsible for his death.

Russia was largely "pink" in 1913. Epiphanov, intellectual, confesses men and women from many schools of thought, talking with them of Mother Russia's future; and the author's mind impales several of these persons on a pointed sentence. The radicals are given, properly, the greater space. Sasha joins them and, discovered, becomes a fugitive until the hysteria of war sweeps him into the ranks of the army, where he shouts for victory until he meets discomfort.

The story follows the characters closely until the war, telling of Epiphanov's infatuation for Sasha's mistress, whom he marries, and the younger man's growing attachment for another girl; but history unrolls the canvas until the author's characters become specks on the vastness. The failure of the Russian campaign, the schisms at Petrograd, and the dark, magnetic figure of Rasputin, another lay confessor, are paraded and analyzed in an unembittered, but illuminating light.

However, history is not fiction. It is in the portrayal of character that Mr. Graham reveals himself as the student of Russia rather than a Russian. His is better reporting than creation. The reader has to accept the statement of Epiphanov's power, he is not made to feel it; he must accept the ineluctableness of Theresa's appeal for the man, for it is not shown. Other instances could be given. The bodies of the characters are there, and their minds; the souls do not appear. The Lay Confessor is Russia seen from understanding English eyes. As such it is to be recommended as a worthwhile and interesting, but not a great book.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

Dominican Pioneers

The First Disciples of Saint Dominic, by Victor F. O'Daniel, O.P. New York: Frederick Pustet Company. $3.50.

THIS book is more than a compilation. Father O'Daniel's own contributions render it valuable. He has translated the work of an erudite Frenchman, Father Anthony Touron, O.P., and made it the basis for his investigations, verifying and amplifying all data with scholarly exactness. The lives of fifty-six Dominicans contemporary with Saint Dominic are here given, with foot-notes and bibliography. The fact that heretofore nothing has appeared in English concerning most of them should make this collection of sketches of particular interest to English-speaking Catholics and to others interested in historical biography.

The perennial youthfulness that clings about things primitive has left its nimbus around the persons of the first disciples of every religious order. Much of it is imprisoned in these pages. The vision of Blessed Gaula of Bergamo and the story of Blessed Sadoc's community of forty-nine martyrs are but two out of many bits of beauty. The chapter on Saint Peter of Verona gives an enlightening picture of a great inquisitor general and his methods of exercising the office.

Divisions into parts with appropriate headings would help this book. The reviewer found the present arrangement somewhat confusing. For instance, sketches of the sixteen original disciples begin on page 263; yet, because there is nothing in the way of a heading or introduction to distinguish these from the foregoing, those not familiar with the names must read the sixteen sketches before they reach the information that these are the first members of the order.

SISTER MARY CANISIUS.

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Briefer Mention

The Idols: An Ode, by Laurence Binyon. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

MR. BINYON has written a body of verse of competent craftsmanship and an almost pedestrian steadiness of equilibrium. If the sound of struggle and of crying has reached him, he has had no mind to leave his charming waysides even to discover the source of the crying. Perhaps he has not even heard. At any rate, he has gone on composing pieces of a singular evenness of tone and effect. His style, with each new book, has shown little change: Georgian it began, and Georgian it is. It reflects a contemplative mind beset by no very permanent perplexities, and a heart of remarkable steadiness. Just as he has remained aloof from the more robust encounters with the muses, so he has not known robust encounters with his God, and all this is to be discovered again in his ode. Affirmation comes to him easily. His is the acceptance, the resignation of the observer, rather than the suddenly incandescent acceptance of the participant. Needless to say, Mr. Binyon's feeling for the English countryside again finds voice in lines of delicacy and charm. For all its lack of profounder roots, The Idols is a charming ode.

The Quarry Wood, by Nan Shepherd. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE fine flavor of Scotland—its tang, its humor, its homespun, its weather and its soil—is in The Quarry Wood. It is besides a story rich with the tapestry of living. The efforts of Martha Ironside to win an education for herself despite the hampering poverty and dirt, the cruel lack of privacy and leisure, which were inevitable in her mother's haphazard cottage, are a real struggle. But we watch with greater interest the process of growth in Martha's soul. Possessed of rare sincerity and clarity of spirit she gropes her way through defeat and disappointment, slander and disillusion; she wins her way through to self-knowledge, charity and a working philosophy of life. Her acceptance of destiny well deserves a cheer. The story is Martha's—and Aunt Josephine's, the epic of whose life even death hesitates to crown. But there are other insistent characters: Emmeline, Geordie and Luke; Clemmie and Aunt Leebie.

Egypt in Silhouette, by Trowbridge Hall. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

TROWBRIDGE HALL enumerates the monuments of Egypt, and conjures up the men and the times responsible for their being. For the most part, the book is a long soliloquy on the subject made memorable by Ozymandias, but the present comes in for full attention near the end, where there is gathered a selection from the writings of contemporary Egyptian poets and story-tellers, translated by Ahmed Ramey.

The Land That Is Desolate, by Sir Frederick Treves. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

ALTHOUGH Palestine is not at present so desolate a scene as it was when Sir Frederick Treves visited it before the war, his book is made up of such incidents and impressions as are interesting in themselves, and need not the force of contemporaneousness. The text is interspersed with a great number of fascinating photographs.

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Spanish Summer, by George Craig Stewart. Milwaukee: The Morehouse Company. $2.50.

WHERE one expects Mr. Stewart to offer nothing more than a sprightly restatement of general opinion, notably in the cases of Philip II and El Greco, he has some very provocative things to say. And where one really expects something out of the ordinary, as in the chapter on Salamanca, there is but the usual sigh for the glory and grandeur of the past. The title tells sufficiently of Mr. Stewart's enthusiasm for the Spanish scene, and that it is an enthusiasm which goes deeper than the surface is testified by numerous allusions which only a man thoroughly acquainted with the literature, history and mannerisms of the country could point. We might also make mention here of the several tales from folk-lore which are almost the best things in the book.

The Sumerians, by C. Leonard Wooley. New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.00.

THE director of the excavations in Mesopotamia, as a result of which scholarship has gained considerable knowledge of the ancient Sumerian civilization, has compressed the essential information into a book intended for the average educated reader. It has been discussed elsewhere in these columns. One may add that Mr. Wooley outlines the history of the royal dynasties in so far as that is known, writes absorbingly about the art, religion and social life of the epoch, and deals with the martial events recorded by old chroniclers. The illustrations add greatly to the value of the text and will surprise many of the volume's readers.

A History of Christian Missions in China, by K. S. Latourette. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

NO JUST idea of the interests and the significance of this book can be gained from the title unless one is aware of the fact that the relations of the western world with China are largely bound up in the story of the Christian missions established in that country. Thus Professor Latourette tells what is one of the most important stories of modern times, and tells it with the force of a historian who sees realities behind dates and figures. His book is almost certain to be widely read and discussed, being, as it is, an index to many of the questions connected with current Chinese affairs.

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